

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

APRIL, 1885.

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 Monsieur BOURGEAT, Certificat d'Etudes Classiques de Paris.

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For Terms, &c. apply to Very Rev. Prior VAUGHAN, O.S.B., address  
as above.

## *The Organization of a Catholic Union.*

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IN this present paper I propose to formulate the programme of a Catholic Union: a programme which may be applicable to America and to Ireland, as well as to this country. Perhaps it may seem presumptuous to interfere in American or Irish affairs; but as far as I have been able to learn, neither in those countries nor in England has any such complete organization as I contemplate been attempted. The following remarks, then, will, I trust, be taken as they are intended, merely as suggestions which it will be well for those interested to have before their minds. It will be understood that I am not criticizing the work done by any existing body; but only endeavouring to draw out an ideal scheme, which, however, I believe to be quite practical in the hands of ordinary men who will devote time, energy, and judgment to the work.

It will be observed that some portions of my plan are only applicable to England. There is nothing whatever essential in them, and the exact mode of carrying them out is a simple matter of convenience. Minute points are not entered into. I have endeavoured to lay down some of the main lines on which such a Catholic Union, to be efficient, must be founded, and to suggest only such details as will serve to give body and shape to the entire proposal. These details require discussion, and the suggestions will probably be found open to considerable improvement. I do not lay claim to any originality. There is not one thing (I think) which has not been suggested either by acknowledged authorities on the subject, or by the history of other associations, or by letters in the Press, or in private conversation. All I have endeavoured to do is to put into shape the ideas of others. There is, therefore, nothing in any degree dogmatic about the scheme, except this, that the fundamental principles are those without which a Catholic Union cannot be made efficient. It will be understood that I have no commission to speak for any person or party. "I have no man's proxy."

Let us plunge at once *in medias res*.

The first subject for consideration and remark is the composition of the Union. But this cannot be adequately discussed without stating in short the objects for which an Union is established.

Now we may say that the objects for which Catholic Unions, under whatever name, have been founded are all-embracing, so far as Catholic interests are concerned. They are not confined to the country in which the particular Union may be formed; though home questions will naturally occupy the first place in their programme of activity. Still, an ideal Union would take into account, and encourage and assist, where practicable, Catholics in other countries in which external aid may be required. Especially would such an Union feel itself bound to assist and second the Holy See to the utmost of its power. At home its programme should embrace all Catholic interests. For, in fact, if any class of interests (*eg.*, such as are pious and charitable) be excluded, the most unfortunate consequences ensue. For in the first place, the line of demarcation is sure to be arbitrarily drawn; and secondly, the interest taken by some of the more active members in the doings of the Union will be lessened, and thus the risk is run of allowing the Union itself to die of inanition.

What, then, are some of our needs at home? They are many and of various kinds.

I. Many existing missions are very imperfectly provided with the means of subsistence, and still more so with those of extension. This is especially the case in poor dioceses where agricultural missions are numerous.

II. New missions require to be established (even in the richest dioceses), and new school-houses to be erected. But there is want of labourers for the harvest; and therefore

III. Burses for the education of priests should be founded; and

IV. Provision made for sick and permanently disabled priests.

V. The housing of the poor is a matter quite beyond private effort to cope with. It is one of the most important questions of the day, and will be the subject of especial remark later on.

VI. Assistance should be given to industrial schools, to orphanages, and to plans for carrying into effect the boarding-out system for orphans. Under this head comes the establishment of technical schools.

VII. Means should be provided and a system organized for the emigration of outcast children and (later) of adults.

VIII. The publication, and to some extent circulation, of cheap Catholic literature, together with the work which the St. Anselm's Society was established to carry on are great needs. Under this head come—

*a.* The issue of a manual of various civil rights: of abuses and oppressions to which the children of poor Catholics and poor Catholics themselves are most commonly subjected, and the means of obtaining redress. Such a manual should give some account of social movements in which Catholics may laudably take part, and of associations and societies which they should not join.

*b.* The supply of information on miscellaneous subjects from time to time and as occasions arise, such as have been, recently, the Luther and Wycliffe centenaries, or again the Jubilee of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, the revival of the Third Order of St. Francis, and the tercentenary of the Sodality of our Lady.

*c.* The collection of statistics (and their limited diffusion).

IX. The formation of libraries and of clubs (*a*) for boys and (*b*) for men is highly important, as also is

X. The registration of every adult Catholic who has a right to be on the public registers, Parliamentary, municipal, and poor law.

These are some, perhaps, with one exception, the chief of our requirements at home.

It will be observed that nothing is said above about the support of primary schools, nor about the school-rate injustice. The reasons are (i) that the primary schools are already fairly provided for, and (ii) that active steps for the redress of the injustice are deprecated at present. On the education question such divergence of opinion prevails, that I will only say a very few words on it in a subsequent part of this article.

The subjects catalogued are, then, such as most Catholics would agree in saying ought to be dealt with. A Catholic Union, whose operations should embrace them all, must obviously be a strong body and have the command of large funds. In order to enable it to bring effective pressure to bear on the local authorities (which can often be done only through the Government) it must be an extensive and powerful body. This brings us at once to the composition of the Union and to the question, How can it be made powerful?

The reply is tolerably plain. The Catholic Union of any



country can only become powerful, by becoming what its name implies, a real Union, or an Association of which all Catholics in the country where it exists should, as far as possible, be either members or associates; by making it, in fact, as well as in name, an organization of national dimensions. Every Catholic should be invited to join. The aim should be to bring the poor as well as the rich within its pale. To effect this, the subscription should be *within* the means of all. Associates should pay one shilling a year, or a payment of one penny per week by the head of a household should qualify every member of it. There is, perhaps, no objection to maintaining members' subscriptions at the rate of £1 a year; but if a reduction of the rate be necessary to secure to the "lower middle" classes an adequate representation among the members, this should be done without hesitation. The policy of such a step could, however, be known only by experience.

Members of councils or administrations should (with an exception to be explained later) be taken exclusively from the number of those paying the members' subscription. The great point on which I would insist is, that for the Union to effect any extensive and permanent good, it must be founded upon a very wide basis as regards numbers. This is a fundamental principle, a *sine quâ non*, without which the whole scheme may be abandoned at the outset. There are difficulties, no doubt, on all sides. They have been weighed and pondered over, and will be remarked upon more at large presently.

Meantime, let us consider (A) the constitution of the body, (B) its government, (C) the duties of the council-general, branch councils, and sub-branches, and (D) the distribution of the funds of the Union.

#### A.—CONSTITUTION OF THE UNION.

I. All the bishops and the clergy of parishes where branches are formed should be *ex officio* members, with such subscriptions as they may choose to give.

II. In these days, when the principle of representative government is too firmly implanted in the popular mind to be opposed or ignored, being carried to what many consider an extreme, and when an exaggerated jealousy prevails as to the distribution of public money, the efficiency of an Union can be secured only by the adoption of this principle of representation.

III. The next principle of social architecture is that if we wish to erect a solid structure we must begin at the bottom.



It is impossible to build from above. "We must have the parts before we can have the whole" (see *THE MONTH* for June, 1884, p. 231). To use another and homely metaphor, if we take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves.

Let us then suppose that these principles are admitted. It will be convenient not to linger on the preliminary steps, but to come, without further delay, to the constitution of the body as it will appear when fairly established. I venture to suggest that some such scheme as the following might be advantageously adopted.

I. Every parish should have its association, with president, secretary, members, and associates.

II. Certain groups of parishes should be united into district associations or Unions.

III. These district Unions should be in the same way united into diocesan Unions.

IV. The diocesan Union should have its council elected thus: two thirds by members only, one third by associates. Any associate so elected should have the full privileges of a member. This is the exception alluded to above. The exception is made in order to afford to the poorest associate the means of rising to a high position in the Union; as to the poorest boy is open the very highest places in the learned professions. The diocesan council would appoint its own officers.

V. At the head would be the Central Council or Council-general, consisting of not more than fifteen persons. These should be elected (*a*) partly by general suffrage of members of the Union, (*b*) partly by members of diocesan branches from among their own members.

The election of the first class of members of council should be made by means of voting papers, issued to the members of the Union immediately after the general meeting; those from the branches to be elected at a branch general meeting. The voting papers to be in the hands of members within one week after the general meeting and returnable within another week. The existing council to retain office meantime.

VI. The officers of the Union and members of council to be elected for one year only, but all, or a part only, to be re-eligible.

VII. The names and addresses of the members of council should be printed in the annual report, as also the names of members of sub-committees, and of the diocesan councils.

VIII. The Council should from year to year appoint sub-committees for special departments of work, such as (1) a sub-committee for grievances; (2) a sub-committee for charitable uses, to entertain and consider applications for aid; (3) a sub-committee for publications; (4) other special sub-committees from time to time as occasions arise. N.B.—At a future time, and supposing the Union to assume very large proportions, the Catholic Poor School<sup>1</sup> Committee might perhaps find a balance of advantages in seeking incorporation, on terms and with powers to which their long, honourable, and commanding services would entitle them.

We should thus have a regular gradation of associations rising from the parish to the central council.

- (1) Parish associations holding meetings weekly.
- (2) District associations holding meetings monthly.
- (3) Diocesan associations holding meetings quarterly.
- (4) Council General, as described below.

So far as to the constitution of the Union.

#### B.—GOVERNMENT OF THE UNION.

Above and before all, the Union, while essentially a lay association, should be subject to their lordships the Bishops, without whose patronage and co-operation the scheme would certainly fail; because the chief national object of the Union is to enlist lay assistance in their service and to lighten their burden and that of their clergy. The Bishop of each diocese then should be invited to attend each diocesan council personally, or by his Vicar General, and all their lordships to attend the annual meeting; to make suggestions and to move resolutions of the more important kind (especially in reference to foreign affairs), and to give their advice to the central council, in whose hands the administration would necessarily be lodged. The central council would be in communication with the diocesan councils through their presidents or secretaries, from whom applications for funds or other assistance would be received. Demands for money should, as far as possible, come from all dioceses at stated times, to enable the sub-committee on aids to judge in what proportions and in what directions to advise the council as to the allotment of available funds.

In order to ensure prompt action and to prevent stagnation at head-quarters, the meetings of the council should be held at least once a week, from November to July inclusive. During

<sup>1</sup> This of course only applies to England.

the three intervening months routine business might be left to the secretary.

C.—DUTIES OF THE COUNCIL, BRANCHES, AND SUB-BRANCHES.

On the principle already enunciated of beginning from below, let us first consider the duties of the parish associations. Their primary function should be to appoint collectors who would undertake the work of collecting from house to house, weekly the family penny or monthly the penny of the individual, each collector to have his book with the names of contributors. These books should be handed to the secretary, who would keep a general register of the whole. In this way the whole Catholic population, or at least the adult portion of it, would be enrolled. Collectors from the artisan class could easily be found among the members of existing associations. The Holy Family Guilds, Temperance Societies, St. Patrick's Society, and various confraternities would furnish collectors. Where none of these societies exist, the most regular attendants at such evening devotions as the Way of the Cross would be glad to help. Thus an easy means presents itself of securing the registration of every member of the congregation. This is most important in view of poor law, municipal, and other elections, as also in the formation of libraries for the working and middle classes, clubs for men, clubs for boys, Catholic young men's associations. Most of these, when once fairly established, would be self-supporting, and in many parishes would lighten the work of the clergy enormously. But aid from without would in many instances be required in starting them, and, for such, application would have to be made to the diocesan association.

The holding of local meetings, as occasion may arise, would also be a parish duty. The expense of these would be small, and should hardly come out of Union funds. There is no intention of making too complete a centralization. The functions of the district associations would be, in the first place, by bringing together the members of the parish associations to foster a more extended acquaintance of members and associates with one another. The monthly meetings should be made attractive by providing some economical entertainment, such as tea and coffee, free of expense. These meetings would be *conversaciones* at which Catholic interests, local as well as general, would be discussed. At recurring seasons, such as

those for municipal and poor law elections, the number and names of candidates should be decided on for recommendation to the diocesan council. A perfect system of registration such as I have supposed would be a tolerably safe means of judging as to possibilities, and personal acquaintance would enable members to gauge the qualifications of names submitted for candidature.

#### DIOCESAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The duties of diocesan associations would be more administrative than those of their component branches. The diocesan council would provide out of its own funds—

(a) For the means of carrying out the boarding-out system for orphans.

(b) For the emigration of outcast children.

(c) For help in starting parish libraries and clubs.

(d) For contesting poor law, municipal, or School Board elections. But should funds run short for all these purposes, the council would apply to the council general.

They would, on consultation with the Bishop, decide what number of Burses to recommend; what sums are wanted for new and struggling missions, for housing the poor, for industrial schools and orphanages, for sick and disabled priests; and for these requirements they would apply to the council general, to whom also they would apply for publications.

THE COUNCIL GENERAL would, through its secretary, keep up a well-sustained correspondence with (at least) the diocesan associations, and, as occasion offered, with those of districts. It would hold a general meeting once a year, open to all members and associates. These meetings should be held at different centres in rotation, or alternately in the metropolis and in the country. When in London, the meeting should be in Low Week, for the convenience of their lordships; in other years, the Westminster and Southwark diocesan meetings might be united, and held in that week for the same purpose. Annual country meetings might be held during the parliamentary recess. All their lordships should be invited to attend these meetings, either personally or by their Vicars General.

One of the most important duties of the council would be the selection of at least three Members of Parliament to see to the interests of the Union in the House of Commons. One or more Peers should be requested to undertake the same

function in the House of Lords. These Members of Parliament should be supplied with facts by the committee on grievances.

It may be remarked here that the Catholic Institute had its regular sub-committees, and the plan seems to have worked well.

At all meetings, whether local, diocesan, or general, all topics concerning mere party politics should be rigidly excluded. The intention of the founders of the Union would be to create a Catholic party quite independent of any other (political) party, for Catholic interests and for those only. Whatever does not tend towards the one great end of the progress of religion is outside the functions of the Union. Any question of secular politics is beyond or beside its sphere. On the other hand, politics, as such, cannot be excluded, because the redress of many legal and social wrongs is essentially political. But the peculiar party predispositions of members must give way before higher and more important considerations. This rule is enforced in the German Catholic Congresses, and is found perfectly practicable. There are difficulties, no doubt. Still, they may be got over, and in order to help to effect this, the secretaries of diocesan unions should be in communication with each other as well as with the Secretary General, and in case of any question of more than usual importance, members of councils would be asked to attend meetings of other councils, admission to which would be a matter of right. Thus harmony would prevail in the annual council meetings, because the whole and sole aim of every member would be the advancement of religion.

It will be observed that no child's play is contemplated, but strong, vigorous exertion, demanding much self-sacrifice and long-sustained individual effort, not on the part of the leaders alone, but of all who belong to the Union; mutual forbearance and readiness to give way to the general judgment, and a determination not to allow the Union to be broken up by petty jealousies. Jealousies will exist, and will have to be overcome. No individual should join the Union who is not determined to make personal sacrifices on its behalf.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF FUNDS.

The parochial expenses would be trifling, and would not seriously diminish the local contributions.

The district expenditure would be larger. But with exception of the *conversazioni* and what may be called office expenses,

the whole of the contributions received from the parishes should be remitted to the diocesan councils.

The supreme or central council would receive from the dioceses the proportion to be agreed upon. It is suggested that two-thirds would not be too large a proportion, since this council would have under its patronage—

- (1) Existing missions.
- (2) New missions.
- (3) Housing the poor.
- (4) Burses for educating clergy.
- (5) Industrial and technical schools and orphanages.
- (6) Publications, including manuals and such statistics as it should be deemed advisable to make public.

The parish would hand its contributions to the district, and the district to the diocese, once a month, and the diocese to the general fund once a quarter, or oftener if it should be found advisable to make such arrangement.

#### GENERAL REMARKS.

The parish would keep registers of actual and potential associates and members—that is to say, as far as possible—and of all Catholics in the parish, Catholic magistrates, members of municipal bodies, and poor law guardians; additions to the registers and removals being duly entered and remitted to the district secretary, who in his turn would remit the collected registers to the diocese, and the diocese to the council general. If this be considered too complicated a method in proportion to its advantages, the plan might be easily modified.

This information would be very useful (*a*) with a view to consultation as to the best mode of procedure in cases that might arise locally; (*b*) by giving the council accurate information as to our numerical strength. These figures would not be for publication, and indeed should only be furnished under somewhat stringent regulations.

The council should consist not only of gentlemen of experience and of such position in society as would give local or general weight to the Union beyond the Catholic body, but also of such as are ready and willing to devote a good deal of time to the work of the Union. The previous remarks and the duties assigned to the sub-committees will suggest this. There are many untried laymen anxious to work, and more who might easily be made so, whose qualifications would soon be discovered and their assistance most valuable.

Notices of meetings of the council and of the sub-committees should appear in the Catholic papers after they have occurred. The degree of detail in these notices is a matter of discretion. It would be the interest of private members and associates to urge the giving of as much publicity as possible to the doings of the Union and of its council and committees.

A requisition from any diocesan council, or from eighty private members, to be sufficient to require the president to call an extraordinary general (not public) meeting.

Should action in a parish or district be required, the president or secretary should, if time allowed, communicate with the diocesan council, whose duty it would be, within their own discretion, to act, or to send the matter up to the central council. More pressing matters might be left to local discretion.

It is obvious that such an Union as that above sketched would be of enormous advantage to the Catholic body in very many ways. Let us take in order some of the subjects with which it is proposed to deal.

(1) Assisting poor missions, and helping to found new ones. There is probably no priest who is engaged in maintaining a poor mission, or in building a new church, who does not find the burden of raising funds almost intolerable. Time and energy which might and would be expended in looking after the spiritual wants of his parish, are now wasted in work that would be done for him gratis. His anxieties would be greatly reduced, and his efficiency increased in proportion.

(2) The improvement of the dwellings of the poor. This is a task which seems overwhelming. But since public attention has been drawn to the subject, there can be little doubt that many persons would be ready to invest their money in plans for the purpose if they could be assured of a fair return for their outlay. It is asserted on all hands that the kind of property in question pays well. But the first risk of a speculation of this sort has to be guarded against. And by advancing a certain portion of the funds of the Union for such projects, to be repaid if the venture succeeds, experience would be acquired, and the gigantic evil would be gradually dealt with and brought within compass.

(3) The advantages of founding burses for the education of the clergy require no comment. About £1,000 or £1,200 is, I believe, considered sufficient to found a burse. But till the Union had attained large proportions a certain sum might be



set aside yearly to pay the year's expenses of one or more students.

(4) We are frequently obliged to refuse the offers of magistrates to send children to our industrial schools; and some of such as exist might be materially improved, both as to buildings and locality.

(5) The publication of cheap Catholic literature is not one of our most pressing needs. But manuals such as those mentioned at page 459 should certainly and with the least possible delay be placed in the hands of both poor and rich.

(6) Perhaps the most important of all our requirements is one in connection with the formation of the parish associations. In a very large number of parishes, especially in large towns and cities, great complaints are made that after boys leave school there is a very serious falling away from attendance to their religious duties. The better-to-do classes experience this. Among the poor, the loss is naturally far greater, and recovery far more difficult. Now by establishing in every associated parish a club for boys and a club for men, and a library for the congregation generally, very much of the evil would be prevented. But to do this two things are wanted—first, somebody to be willing to start the club or library; second, money to enable him to do so. No great amount is required, according to the testimony of gentlemen who have made the experiment. It will be said that success in these affairs is very much a matter of personal aptitude for leading, and that is probably the case. But if once a parish union were on foot, an *esprit de corps* would be created, and by degrees an amount of dormant talent awakened, and of good will excited, which at present are hidden away for want of objects on which to exercise themselves. In more senses than one it is not good for men to be alone. Into the details of local management this is not the place to enter. Experience is, however, not wanting to prove that, by means of a sound system, the difficulty connected with the personal need first referred to is not insuperable. This remark is important in considering the permanent success of the Union.

But if it be important to create a local *esprit de corps*, how much more is such a spirit to be desired throughout the whole Catholic body. Living in the midst of persons hostile to the Church, and to the maxims of the Catholic religion both as to faith and morals, the danger of evil influences is very great indeed. Latitudinarianism, infidelity, atheism are in the air.



Doctrines and notions of the most lax kind have penetrated into our body. It is all but impossible for any man to be uninfluenced by the current thoughts of his age. We have not escaped the influence of our own. The evil effects of political tolerance, alluded to by Mr. Charles Weld at the Catholic Institute Meeting in 1839, have increased since then enormously.<sup>2</sup> He remarked that before Emancipation "the Catholics of Great Britain were bound together by the hard chain of common sufferings, and still more effectually by their absolute moral separation from the rest of their countrymen. . . . But now we are no longer a party, nor the subject for a party. We have become part of the people. The bonds which kept us together are no longer those of misfortune. When the internal pressure was removed, each went his own way into his own proper rank of society, to share in those pursuits of mercantile, professional, or political interest which were now for the first time opened to him." The decay of faith which we see around us has aggravated the evil. We are absorbed into the vast mass of anti-, or non-Catholic society, and we certainly require some bond such as does not at present exist to prevent a more complete absorption. What is wanted is for the Catholic body to be welded into an homogeneous whole.

Such an organization as the above may be considered as ideal as Plato's Republic. I do not believe so. From what has gone before, it must be conceded that *per se* and ultimately it is desirable that the Catholic body should be organized. That some such plan as that indicated is feasible is no mere matter of opinion. In the days of the Catholic Institute O'Connell, whose experience was enormous, continually urged upon that body the necessity and practicability of organizing the people. He said, what is obvious enough, that success depends on the collection of funds from the vast body of the working classes. He ridiculed the trifling amounts raised by the Institute, saying at one meeting after another, YOU WANT COLLECTORS. He said,<sup>3</sup> "You have a million of Catholics, and at one shilling per head that would amount to £50,000 a year, and how much is this? Why it is a farthing a week, a penny a month, a shilling a year, with four weeks' discount." In Dublin alone, he pointed out, that within twenty years they had spent £150,000 in ecclesiastical buildings alone. That in his own parish they had raised in eight years £24,000 for a church, and he asked, "Whom did

<sup>2</sup> THE MONTH, June, 1884, p. 218.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 219.

we get it from? Some from the rich, no doubt . . . but the mass of the funds is raised from the contributions of the people." He refers to the eight orphanages and sixteen schools at that time in Dublin, maintained by humble subscriptions, and he goes on : "I state these things to show you that where the spirit of religion is alive and animated there will be no want of resources. Yes, the only thing that is wanted is collectors." The editor of the *Tablet*,<sup>4</sup> in an article entitled "British Catholics and Scotch Seceders," expressed the opinion in very vigorous language, that the whole Catholic body should be organized. He showed that the Scotch Seceders intrusted the collection of their funds not to their pastors, nor to persons wandering over the country and calling upon people for subscriptions at hap-hazard, but to well-known local men ; and so successful was this method, that in about two months the collections amounted to a quarter of a million sterling.

In a similar way the Irish collectors were taken from the artisan and labouring classes, among whom they live, and who form the great bulk of any urban population.

Bishop Baines too confirmed the same opinion in the last public letter which he wrote. Referring to the article just quoted, he expressed his "sincere thanks for one of the best written, and, if properly attended to, by far the most useful articles that had ever appeared in the *Tablet*."

And further, the Rev. Father Moore of Wapping (now of Southend) brought the matter to a very practical proof. He enrolled in one year, 1842-3, three thousand names on the books of the Institute in his single parish, and himself saw to the collection of their subscriptions, amounting to £150.

It is then no mere imaginary notion to suppose that the collection is feasible. But with the smallest possible trouble organization accompanies collection.

Taking then our present population at 2,000,000, we have 400,000 families. A penny a week would bring in over £80,000. Or calculating 1,500,000 Catholics, and 300,000 families, the amount would be £75,000, besides the subscriptions of the rich. This can hardly be deemed extravagant in the face of the fact that in answer to His Eminence Cardinal Manning's appeal in 1870-1, the Educational Crisis Fund nearly reached the vast sum of £400,000, and that the annual donations and subscriptions to Catholic elementary schools have risen from £25,000 to

<sup>4</sup> *Vide THE MONTH*, July, 1884, p. 335.

£64,000. These most gratifying statistics leave untouched the other fact on which reliance is here placed, namely, that the art of systematic collecting from all parts of the Catholic population with a view to supplying even our primary religious needs has never yet been thoroughly developed among us.

A beginning has been made in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, with the result that for the year ending last Lent the collection reached some £1,500, an amount which, it is said, would have been considerably greater but for the fact that some missions had not yet adopted the new scheme. We may then assume that a very large sum might be collected yearly without pressing upon any single person. Certainly a very large proportion would be saved out of the public-houses, and thus the work of the League of the Cross and other temperance societies would be greatly facilitated.

Two objections here suggest themselves :

(1) That the bishops might not like the interference of the laity in the matter of supplying funds for ecclesiastical purposes; and

(2) That the local clergy might fear the diminution of their own resources through these contributions to the Union.

These objections were raised in the days of the Catholic Institute. The *Tablet* of 1843 shall reply to the first objection, Father Lythgoe, S.J., to the second.

No bishop [says the *Tablet*], we will venture to say, would think the laity were interfering with his functions if they were to ask respectfully how much money his lordship wanted, and were to set about supplying it on reasonable terms and conditions. Nothing would be easier than to divide this burden by some approximate rule among the different districts [now dioceses]. . . . If such a plan were carried out, we are quite certain that ten years would see a most marked change in our condition.

Speaking at a general meeting of the Institute, Father Lythgoe said :

I, for one, cannot sympathize with such an objection; I know no interest but the interest of the public. What other interest can prevail when our Church is Catholic, and her blessings are not confined to a locality, but to be spread over the whole world? But I venture to say that no local demands will be neglected in consequence of the re-establishment and extension of the Institute. Charity begets charity, when a man has done one good deed, he longs to do another, and he is only anxious to find objects worthy of his excited benevolence. Besides,

if all our attention were exclusively directed to local wants, what would become of the Catholics suffering as they suffer—in Wales for example?"<sup>5</sup>

The chief difficulty to be encountered is in the outset ; but it could be overcome, and would probably diminish very quickly. At this moment the subject of the establishment of libraries and boys' clubs has attracted a good deal of attention, and I cannot but think that if such an Union were fairly at work its success would surprise very many of us. At the same time it cannot be denied that the above list of subjects is beyond our immediate powers. And certainly any attempt to carry out the programme at once, to realize the "idea" *per saltum* would be doomed to inevitable failure. On the other hand, it may be remembered that in the days of the Catholic Institute, while O'Connell never ceased to urge the widening of the base of the association and of securing to it an adequate income by a systematic and universal levy of subscriptions from the poor as well as from the rich, the editor of the *Tablet* again and again insisted that in order to deserve the confidence and the subscriptions of the entire body of Catholics, and especially of the poor, it was imperatively necessary that the Institute should be correspondingly comprehensive in its aims and objects.

Want of space prevents my enlarging on the examples afforded by Continental Unions such as those of Italy, Germany, and Belgium. I conclude by remarking that an Union founded with the above aims would be an educating force of the very kind of which we stand in need in the present age, when, as a well-known writer has remarked, "there is a peculiar want of heroism and reverence, of strength and energy of character, which it is the natural result of material well-being and social improvement to discourage and repress."

A great emergency may be upon us sooner than we expect. Have we, as we stand at present, sufficient vigour to meet a crisis when it comes? The question is one which it behoves every thinking Catholic, in whatever position, to reflect upon ; and it seems to me that a heavy responsibility rests upon him who shall bar the way to timely preparation.

EDWARD LUCAS.

<sup>5</sup> *Tablet*, 1843, p. 387.

### *George Eliot's Opinions about Religion.*

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RELIGIOUS opinions, and opinions about religion, may be very different matters indeed. People ordinarily use the expression, "religious opinions," as though a man's opinions on the subject of religion must be necessarily religious in the true sense. There are many men whose opinions—or rather guesses or dreamings—on the whole subject of their relations to their Creator, are quite without religion in the sense of that earnestness which may be assumed to accompany good will. "What are his religious opinions?" may mean no more than the inquiry, "What does he think about agnosticism, or positivism, or about the bearings of evolution on Revelation?" And even when we would examine into the really grave religious opinions of many an author who has written voluminously, we must be cautious—unless there be strong reasons to the contrary—to distinguish between opinions and convictions. This is all the more true when the author we are inquiring about has been a novelist, romancer, or poet. For example: it has been said of George Eliot, by a writer in the *Contemporary Review*: "The artificial was natural to her." If this be true, even the religion of her opinions, as well as her opinions about religion, may be looked at from the artistic point of view.

It would be unpardonable to draw any such conclusion in regard to any really earnest writer. It is always regrettable when such a question has to be asked as, "What did he really believe or not believe?" The question, if it is true, has been asked about Shakespere, but in regard only to the point of his being a Catholic. There is an historic interest in his case, in the sense that we know exactly what were the "religious opinions" most agreeable to Queen Elizabeth; and therefore our main inquiry is: Can we find Shakespere's religion under the veil which Protestant necessity threw upon it? But in the case of modern writers no restriction of penal laws, no restriction even of "the delicate social conscience," hampers the reasonable honesty of confession. There are really but two aspects of such "literary" confessions; or rather but two inquiries in regard to

them: Were they intended to be a whole statement or a part statement; and were they intended to be artificial or real?

It may seem at first to be hard to say of a writer—especially of an intensely earnest writer—"the artificial was natural to her." It was not hard, in the sense which was intended. It was a mere impression as to an acquired habit of mind. And it was borne out, in the instance of George Eliot, by a careful study of her letters to her friends. For it is not in her novels but in her letters that we must look for her religious opinions; or rather, we are more likely to find them in her letters than behind the *mise en scène* of mere fiction. She was as thoughtful in her letter writing as she was in her novel writing, but she poured her heart out to friends with at least sincerity. The cast of her nature was, however, intellectual to a degree which seemed always to conquer feeling. May we not find this intellectualism—not to use the word rationalism, which is almost offensive in the implied want of feeling—in the fact that when George Eliot became a freethinker it did not cost her mental pain to avow it? Some persons have fancied that she jumped out of Evangelicalism into something like practical atheism without a twitch of the conscience, without an ache of the heart, and with a quickness which was suggestive of "dissolving views." This is not quite a just estimate of the fact, nor quite a just estimate of the mood; for George Eliot was never a professed atheist, though she professed disbelief in Revelation. Yet unquestionably, when she first became sceptical, there was not that delicate sense of the loss of religious faith which would have seemed natural in an ordinary conscience. Thus she describes her own impressions after reading, for the first time, Mr. Hennell's *Inquiry into the Origin of Christianity*: "It gives me that exquisite kind of laughter which comes from the gratification of the reasoning faculties." No doubt such a gratification, if derived from the demonstration of a truth which we had all our life loved, would make the heart laugh with a perfectly innocent play, and make it grateful for the intellectual happiness. But when the gratification is at the cost of a conviction which has cradled us and nourished us all our life, it seems difficult to speak of such a convulsive gratification as consistent with "religious opinions." It is just one of those instances which bears out the wide distinction between opinions about religion and religious opinions. Is it not a fair impression—derivable from the letters which have been so carefully put together by



the compiler—that George Eliot was too exclusively an intellectualist to approach religion in any attitude but the judicial? She was human to a degree which was perhaps exquisite, within the confines of the romantic or the ideal; but in a score of places we come across sentences which show that she had no taste for the supernatural. Thus, in speaking of “God, immortality, duty,” she remarked: “How inconceivable the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third!” Interpreted by her life, this passage might run as follows: that God was an Ideal, existing, but not revealed; that another world might be the creation of our natural longings; and that the sense of duty was the only Providence to be believed in—to be worshipped in the proportion of our own bent.

The over-straining of the intellect, as the supreme work of life, is not unlikely to impoverish some of the faculties. George Eliot, as she has told us, trained herself. She was not trained, save in the sense that she was influenced by those whom she exceptionally esteemed. Her vast talents ripened under her own training. She was hardly a genius by intuition, as distinct from a genius by concentration. She began late. And her childhood does not seem to have been happy; which gave to her a melancholy cast. It has been said that by discipline she became great; yet that discipline was rather the ingrafting of others' thoughts upon her own thoughts than the training of her own powers by subjection. The key to her freethinking was this self-training; nor was it her own fault that she had not been trained. The seriousness of the Evangelical was her first religious training—the first religious education of her temperament; and though for many years she professed herself a Churchwoman, her visit to some friends at Coventry, who happened to be freethinkers, was a sufficient mental shock to un-Christianize her. She passed from Evangelicalism to, say, Hennellism, at the bidding of some intelligent silk-mercens. Then followed a sort of “practical” season; a season of determining to be very earnest; a grand effort to fill the void which had been created with some new, worthy object of interest. “The only ardent hope I have for my future life is to have given me some woman's duty, some possibility of devoting myself where I may see a daily result of pure, calm blessedness in the life of another.” This can hardly be called “a religious opinion.” It is a very simple yearning, known to many. Religious sentiments—or, to speak more accurately, that sentiment

which is inherent in the religion of nature—became the shifting basis of the whole after-career, which was ever unhappy, unsatisfying. There is a gloominess about some of her quasi-religious tenets—doubtless first taught to her in childhood—with an almost Calvinistic touch of hardness. That “wrong deeds are naturally visited by an inflexible natural law, and by no other law”—all the sweetness and consolation of Christianity, along with its divine fulness and satisfaction, being swept away to make room for this hard law—is the sort of ugly dryness which was accepted for a “theology” which was about as little attractive as it was Christian. “She took things too seriously,” says Mr. Cross in his *Life*. But this seriousness, now separated from all faith, was a mere desponding, despairing gloom of the soul.

In *Adam Bede* we are told that this gloominess in “theology” was far from being uncommon among the clergy. We must remember that many a rector and many a curate, about the period when George Eliot was being “brought up,” were tainted with the spirit of Calvinism. And in one part of *Adam Bede*, where the authoress is telling the reader that he must not complain of the unspiritual character of Mr. Irwine, who was Rector of Adam Bede’s native place, she expresses her regret that she cannot make him more sympathetic than the dryness of his education had made him. She had just put into his mouth the following words: “Consequences are unpitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before; consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best to fix our minds on that certainty, instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us.” And in the same spirit she makes Adam Bede say: “It’s well we should feel as life’s a reckoning we can’t make twice over; there’s no real making amends in this world, any more nor you can mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.” Call this bitterness, call it melancholy, call it sadness, it was the spirit of George Eliot’s religious opinions. And though we constantly come across exquisite touches of the admiration for the pure and the innocent, we seem rather to feel the regret of the coming taint than a sort of Christian confidence that there will be recovery. In *Daniel Deronda* we have more than one passage where the mournfulness of religious sentiment is predominant. She says of Deronda, when he was little more than a child, that “his face had a consecrating influence. The finest childlike faces have



this consecrating power, and make us shudder anew at all the grossness of basely wrought griefs of the world, lest they should enter here and defile." So true, yet so sad. And it is because the mournful side is so true in such a sentiment, that *we* feel mournful because the writer has nothing of the joyousness which *would* sweeten the saddest of pictures. Possibly, in many a sad bit of writing, she was unconsciously revealing her own heart. The flashes of wit, the bewitching irony—so redundant—the "asides" so full of the laughter of the critic, do not take away the impression that the writer is not happy, though intellectually her supreme vigour makes her playful. If we say that to be dramatic was her first object; and that she aimed, as she has told us, at "teaching æsthetically"—or rather, at teaching ethically by pictures—we still feel that the intense *need* of believing something is shown by her to be an intense *pain* in her writings; and that, unlike Shakespere, she does not make her darkness give light, in the sense that we feel the light of the author.

A writer who has published a brief memoir, under the title of *A Week with George Eliot*, tells us—what we can so thoroughly believe—that she loved the "sincerity" of any writer. "By sincerity," she affirmed, "the permanent value of a work must be judged, alike by outsiders and by writers themselves, if they would ascertain how they stand with the public." This writer adds (what we should have naturally concluded from a careful reading of every page she has written) that George Eliot in private life "could be genial, sympathetic, affectionate; but she remained ever great." And once more he says, "Littleness, self-seeking, commonness, much less vulgarity, were as foreign to her nature as self-assertion, intolerance, uncharitableness." All this we should have inferred from her published letters. Her vast intellect—for it was vast in the way of energy—sought for playthings in the deep studies of deep thinkers. Yet she seemed rather to love a difficulty for its own sake, than for a solution which might approve itself as a happy one. This is perhaps a key to the strange fact that her freethinking did not stir her to grave inquiry. So far as we know, it did not do so. In the letters which have been published we find a disposition to think of difficulties as though it were a "duty" to prefer them. Difficulties were more intellectual than beliefs. George Eliot disliked creeds. Creeds are not a solution of difficulties; but they place our "duty" in our

mental attitude of receiving them. The duty is not in the accepting the inexplicable, but in the homage of the intellect to goodwill. George Eliot spoke of creeds as spiritual opiates. She had a passage on this subject which is another key to the dispositions which got in the way of her returning to Christianity. "The highest calling and election is to do without opium, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance." Opium here means submission; not necessarily submission of the intellect to this or that creed, but submission in the sense of yielding the whole will to the Supreme Lord of all. As a natural fruit of this dislike of "spiritual opiates," which would have given to her soul sufficient peace, George Eliot was driven to many an amiable sophism, to many an amiable self-delusion or mental trick. Divest those passages in which she speaks of her desire to love some one (with such full service as shall make the love a "grand duty") of the splendid language and apt imagery in which she revelled, and we find the residuum to be a very ordinary matter indeed, a mere product of natural affection and sympathy. This stinted area for her explorations made her dramatic in small things, in the interpretation of small motives or deeds, or in the correlation of good and bad promptings. She is greatest undoubtedly where she keeps to nature alone, and forgets that she has forgotten how to believe. Some of the simple, "natural" praises of good people and wise people are so charming, that they might well be noted down. Take that bit in *Adam Bede*: "The way in which I have come to this conclusion, that human nature is loveable, the way I have learned something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries, has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar, of whom you would perhaps hear nothing very surprising if you were to inquire about them in the neighbourhood where they dwelt." This is natural—better than rational (for rationalism seldom stoops to be natural), and it gives us the best heart of "the woman." Perhaps, as George Eliot says of Hetty, who is one of the truest nature-characters she has drawn, within the limits in which it was meant to be drawn: "You will never understand women's natures if you are so excessively rational." If George Eliot had left rationalism alone, she would have given us "religious opinions" worth remembering. But her religious education had been unworthy of her. Her intellect was so superior to the religious dogmas

she had been taught, that she came to feel a contempt for all dogma—that is, for such dogma as she apprehended. What had she known of dogma in her early education that could fascinate such an intellect as hers? Do we not trace her own experience in those remarks of Adam Bede: "I begin to see all this weighing and sifting, what this text means and that text means, and whether folks are saved all by God's grace, or whether there goes an ounce o' their own will to't, as no part of real religion at all." Here we have the memory of that "theology" which seemed a milk-and-water diet to George Eliot; which never took a firm hold upon her reason; which left her an easy prey to the keen silk mercers of Coventry, to the elaborate brain-tricks of a Strauss or a Feuerbach, or to Mr. Hennell's ingenious *Inquiry*. One of her critics has said of her: "She was not proud, but she had no humility." It may have been so; but when the intellectual ideal of religion has been weakened by being *educated* in hard schools, a grand intellect is disposed to "fling over the whole thing"—unless the "right thing" be apprehended.

In later years, we are told, she had a fondness for attending the services in some of the Catholic churches on the Continent. We are also told—another key to the final sadness—that the personal influence of a friend, who was a sort of jubilant unbeliever, made her smile, or try to smile, at such devotion. Personal influence! Has she not said herself: "A single word is sometimes enough to give an entirely new mould to our thoughts"? Then, in her case, where the notion of "duty" became so strangely entangled with the affections, it is easy to understand that the "opiate" of Catholicism would be taken in very small doses indeed. George Eliot's anomalous position in domestic life is a topic we cannot altogether pass over. It does not seem to have affected her opinions on religion, which were pretty firmly rooted before she made Mr. Lewes' acquaintance; but, at all events, it was a strong bond, which helped to tie her down and prevent her rising to anything better. Anomalous, equivocal as it was, she professes herself more than satisfied with it. The inscription on the manuscript of *Romola*: "To the Husband whose perfect love has been the best source of her insight and strength," was undoubtedly sincere in its almost infatuated homage for one whom others could not in many ways admire, but whom she idealized with a strange, perverted affection. Yet sincere, though she was in the profession

of a profound domestic peace, we cannot help gathering alike from the letters and novels of George Eliot, that the writer was an unhappy woman. For unhappiness it was. No amount of professions of domestic peace can make illegible the clear "reading between the lines;" so that when she writes in her journal: "Deep down below there is a hidden river of sadness," we feel sorry both for her sake and for our own, and only regret that she should have justified the cause. Mr. Cross tells us that, early in his acquaintance with her, he had given her pain by the too sincere observation that, "with all his admiration for her books, he found them, on the whole, profoundly sad." So that we conclude that *we* have been losers by the shadow which fell upon her intellect, a shadow which prevented her from passing onward to what we cannot but think was her vocation. Doubtless she knew a good deal of enjoyment—in the ordinary, natural sense of the word—such as we find expressed in the jottings of her diary: "We both agreed in the great love we had for life. . . . The world is so intensely interesting." But when we contemplate such a noble intellect as George Eliot's, we naturally look for great motives, great promptings.

One of her critics has suggested the following explanation of her position: "She seemed to have craved for a definite religious faith; but the reason, intellectually, why she remained 'unattached,' was that she was too large-hearted to care for systems which excluded others." This sounds very generous as an apology. But, affectation aside, it is a little too generous when applied to the rejection of *all* belief. In simple truth, George Eliot was a genius who loved the *ego* like any ordinary mortal. That she was delicately sympathetic with those who differed from her, and was "large-hearted" as opposed to "narrow-minded," no one who reads her letters can have a doubt. Still, she had an *ego*, and a big one. There was a tendency to dislike the Catholic religion, because it limits the play of *ego* in regard to faith. Indeed, she thought herself superior to the Catholic Church. "I have faith," she wrote, "in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented." The *ego* here is almost as large as the possibilities. And, again, after she had had an audience of Pius the Ninth, she thus expresses her impressions to a friend: "I have a cold and headache this morning, and in other ways am not conscious of improvement from the Pope's blessing. I may comfort myself with thinking

that the King of Sardinia is none the worse for the Pope's curse."

This perhaps was meant as a homage to freethought, though George Eliot professed not to admire freethinking—precisely in what phases we do not know. "All freethinkers," she wrote, "want to see themselves and their opinions held up as the true and the lovely." A statement, however, which may hold good as to irreverence as much as in regard to unbelief. George Eliot never approached to the Catholic faith; so far as we can conclude from all her writings. We can hardly wonder that a grand intellect sighed, if it did not groan, under the insufficiency of its own self to furnish a faith. Beautiful as are George Eliot's praises of human sympathy; intense, in a friendly sense, as are her own sympathies; we always feel, as we read her published letters, what an effort she is making to strain her intellect to compass something which is greater than her object. Hence, we imagine, came that "depression" in latter days, which resulted from the fugitiveness of her ideal. Her household gods had not the charm of immortality. She seems to turn to them, to turn from them, as she writes down in her diary: "Struggling constantly with depression." And in her last letters to dear friends, she speaks much of her own sufferings, always borne with a fortitude that was admirable, as being, in themselves "naked truths," as though our sufferings must be necessarily "naked truths," and must be believed in as apart from all religion. If "habit is the Purgatory in which we suffer for our past sins," as George Eliot cleverly expresses a known truth, she seemed to have suffered from the habit of always putting aside inquiry when it encroached beyond natural experience. In this habit lay the sadness of her freethinking; and probably most of the sadness she ever knew. Magnificent as was the reach of her ability, she seems to have disliked thinking profoundly about religion. She was superficial only as to Christianity. To take one marked example of this exception. We must marvel that such an intellect should have rejoiced over the discovery which was made by the scarcely original Mr. Hennell, that "because the disciples of our Lord considered Mary Magdalen's words as idle tales" (in regard to the fact of the Resurrection) "and believed them not, therefore we have their example for considering her testimony as alone insufficient, and for seeking further evidence." This ended the inquiry—for George Eliot. It would seem that she never got beyond that

superficiality which marked her earliest dogmatic Christian training. She could never dissociate Christian theology from "wrangling"—and this seems to have been her chief reason for not studying it—because the theology she had once been taught was full of wrangling, and she was not careful to study Catholic theology. She expresses her own experience of all Protestantism in language not more severe than it is pithy: "What a pity that while mathematics are indubitable, immutable, and no one doubts the properties of a triangle or a circle, doctrines infinitely important to man are buried in a charnel-heap of bones, over which nothing is heard but the barks and growls of contention."

In this temper her splendid intellect was worn away—so far as all future hopes were concerned. She was driven to write fantastically of trying to love the unknown future, the possible ages when men and women *may* live more worthily; of trying to love heroic Promethean efforts towards high possibilities, which *may* result from individual life. A creed of the imagination became the real fatal "opiate;" to be a law to herself became her misery;" to "make the best of a bad bargain" her necessity. She was forced to reduce the dignity of her life to the minimum—so repugnant to her great nature—of compassing within the temporal career aspirations which she felt were eternal. On all such points it would be more agreeable not to dwell. And would it not be better, when discussing such great writers, to keep solely to their magnificent natural gifts; to write gratefully of all the good they have effected, and of all the pleasure they have afforded to their readers? If we feel that a great writer was dissatisfied, and craved after something she had not mastered, diverting herself, as it were, by a restless activity, and seeking to repair loss by splendid pictures, should we not do wisely, and also delicately, to pass over such mistakes as were the real key to both the sadness and the doubt? Instead of which her friends have forced the critics to make comments on the mistakes they would much rather not have heard of; on the "subtleties" they can explain without fine language. Shakspeare always "called a spade a spade." George Eliot proffered euphuism and euphemism. Language does not condone a wrong principle. To read the Life and letters is to be as certain of two things as George Eliot was certain of them herself: that to do wrong cannot possibly be to do right; and that to do wrong not only dwarfs the mental grasp, but makes the life a constant burden to the heart.

*The Dead Christ.*

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THREE days in the Sepulchre,  
Silent as the patient dead,  
One was lying still and fair.  
Years of years! and overhead  
Spun the world's cry up through air;  
Fell from Heaven unanswered.

Was the sleep so very sweet  
In the silence cool and dim  
Draping Him from head to feet,  
Holding weary heart and limb  
Moveless in the winding-sheet,  
While the world cried out on Him?

Cried upon a heedless Christ  
Lying in the dead man's place,  
With no mind to turn and list;  
With the death upon His face,  
And the lips the traitor kissed  
Fair and frozen in their grace.

In His Father's house on high  
It had been another thing,  
The wild joy had passed Him by;  
For His smile the Seraphs sing,  
He is listening steadfastly  
For the snapping of a string:



*The Dead Christ.*

When a human heart unmeet  
For the sorrow and the need,  
Breaks a-sudden at His feet,  
He will gather it with speed,  
This His harvest, wide and sweet,  
Smoking flax and bruised reed.

These are His to have and hold,  
And He waits long hours together  
By the gates of carven gold,  
For the cries that come up hither  
From the lost ones of His fold  
Wandering in the windy weather.

Nay, the surer help to render,  
This Good Shepherd leaveth oft  
His fair Heaven, nor rues its splendour;  
If He hears the bleating, soft,  
Of a young lamb weak and tender,  
Strayed to some far vale or croft.

Who hath trod the ways of pain  
Hath not met Him in the gloom  
Coming swiftly through the rain?  
Hath not prayed to hear Him come?  
Many a weary head hath lain  
On His breast, and found it home.

Shall one cry and He not hear?  
When the night comes down in dread  
Lo! He standeth very near.  
"Child of Mine! be not afraid,  
In Mine arms shall come no fear,  
In My hands your hands are laid!"

If He turn His face away,  
Never answering a word  
When for some ill boon we pray,  
And His lips with pain are stirred,  
Blessed be His Name for aye  
For the prayers He hath not heard !

We shall find them otherwhere,  
Garnered up by love Divine,  
Some day, lips too dry for prayer,  
Hands too weak to pour the wine,  
Shall be given to drink, and bear,  
Vintage of an older vine.

Ah ! the earth sore travailing  
When the Christ was lying dead ;  
Not a bird might dare to sing,  
Not a flower might lift its head ;  
Day and night the thundering  
Of the Lord's wrath overhead !

And the world's cry, desolate,  
Like a sad, grey, wounded bird  
Beating wild at Heaven's gate ;  
And One speaking not a word,  
Like a dead King keeping state,  
With His tender Heart unstirred !

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## *A Traveller's Notes in the Salzkammergut.*

### PART THE FIRST.

THE Austrian Salzkammergut, or Salt-Exchequer property, a fine, wooded pass in the Alps of Upper Austria, is one of those favoured regions, where the simplicity of the olden time and the brightness of mediæval faith are united with all the advantages and conveniences of modern civilization. No sectarian propaganda has expelled those who devote their life to following the counsels of perfection, no godless education robs the rising generation of their inheritance of faith.

But the Salzkammergut is not a remote stronghold of obsolete ideas, untouched by our fast nineteenth-century life. Express trains run down from Vienna to Gmunden in about five hours and three-quarters, in six and a half to Ischl. Two or three steamers ply continually up and down the Traunsee; the streets are well lighted with gas; in two words, all the modern improvements are found there, all the last scientific and medical inventions for restoring or preserving health, all the latest devices of our century's luxury for passing the summer season joyously. At Ischl, for instance, there are cold sulphur waters, useful in certain cases of disease, and the whey cure is practised; the bathing establishments could not be better; there are salt vapour baths, hot and cold brine baths, hot and cold sulphur baths; there are mud baths, malt baths, pine-cone and pine-needle baths; there is a pine vapour inhalation chamber, and a movement cure; the air, too, is impregnated with saline particles from the salt-works.

The summer days are warm, but the nights always fairly cool, no very common thing in Austria in the dog-days; besides, the river-side esplanade is densely shaded, and there are endless forest-walks in all directions. Every comfort may be had by those who are prepared to pay the price. Models of elegance and luxury are found among the villas; the Hôtel Bauer, a vast palace in a large "park," on a height above the town, overlooks it and commands superb views up and down the valley. There

is also a fine Kurhaus, with ball and concert-rooms, and all the appointments of a first-rate club. There is a well arranged theatre in the town, and the open-air music, for which visitors are taxed, is really excellent.

The Gmunden band is not so good, and the Gmunden Kursaal is smaller, but the lake-side esplanade is longer than the promenade at Ischl, and commands views without rival in the whole Salzkammergut. And if the theatre, again, is in every way inferior, the lake itself, its frequent steamers, its little steam-launch *Vesta*, and its flotilla of light pleasure-boats, afford an ample compensation. Ischl prices do not differ much from those of the Graben, or Bond Street, or the Boulevard des Capucines; Gmunden enjoys a slight advantage in that respect. The baths are very much the same at both places. There is also a swimming school at Gmunden, by the esplanade, a source of great amusement to the promenaders. For as there is no Lord Chamberlain, or other redoubtable functionary, in Austria to prohibit men and women swimming in the same lake, or sea, except at widely different hours or far-distant places, it happens often that the boldest swimmers of both sexes, pass the wooden bath inclosures and disport themselves in the open lake. There is a pneumatic chamber at Gmunden, in the Hôtel Bellevue, for inhalation of compressed air, and the pine vapour inhalations at the same hotel are very good. The inhalation-room will seat some thirty or five-and-thirty patients. Hot steam is made to pass up from below through an iron basin in the centre, loaded every morning with fresh twigs of the pine and fir, and fills the room with a dense vapour charged with resinous essences. Invalids are not left at the mercy of country practitioners, with their horse-doctoring and rule of thumb. Several of the best-known Viennese "professors" have summer houses in the Salzkammergut, and oversee the various cures.

The Kaiser goes down every year to his villa at Ischl, for a month or so, for the chamois-hunting. Flags fly, guns are fired; the bright, clean town, on its little peninsula between two rushing, blue streams, fills up to overflowing. The Kaiserin lodges in a charming cottage in the Park, an exquisite combination of Gothic stonework and plate glass, and walks all day in the limitless, coniferous forests that descend on all sides to the narrow valley. At that time the whole Salzkammergut is always crowded with strangers from Gmunden to Aussee; the villas are full of Austrian nobles; Vienna sends down her

contingent of rich tradesmen ; Germany and Russia are well represented, and even France makes a better show than in some places farther west. There are very few Anglo-Saxon tourists, but these few are mostly of a good sort. Mr. Cook's "self-conducted" parties do not favour these regions, his hotel coupons are at a discount, and midsummer travellers run some risk of having to pass their nights on a billiard-room sofa, if not on one of the tables. Yet in spite of all this great movement, this gathering of people of many sorts from many lands, the peasantry retain their simple, thrifty habits, and it would be impossible to find a happier folk in Europe ; they may be called a wealthy peasantry, not very rich in money it may be, but rich in all good things that they have need of, well fed, well dressed, their houses models of neatness, scrubbed and polished, and deluged inside and out with whitewash. There is a good blaze on the hearth in winter time, where the family assemble, after out-door work is ended, and carve and paint small wooden toys, Noah's arks and hobby-horses, which they export in great numbers at very low prices. The small farmers and cottagers supply their summer visitors with an abundance of the richest milk, the most luscious apricots and peaches, and the sweetest little purple figs in Europe.

It would be a mistake, however, to think of the Salzkammergut as a region of dairymen and market-gardeners ; it is a country of important industries, among which we must give the chief place to the salt-mining and manufacture. There are mines and works at Hallstadt, on the lake of that same name ; but the largest mine is in the neighbourhood of Ischl, in the Ischler Salzberg, a wooded height opposite the Imperial park. Twelve horizontal shafts have been dug out one above another, in this mountain, where the salt is mined, if the curious process used is properly called mining. These twelve shafts are so arranged that each one can be shut off from the rest, filled with fresh water, and hermetically sealed. The water lies there undisturbed for as much as four, five, or even six weeks. At the end of that time the shaft is tapped, and the liquid drawn off strongly impregnated with salt. Part is carried in wooden pipes all the way to Langbath, a village ten miles distant, at the head of Lake Gmunden, where there are extensive works. The rest is evaporated at Ischl itself, where alone it yields not less than ten thousand tons of salt annually. Some of the Hallstadt brine is also carried to Langbath, a convenient shipping station. Until lately nearly

all the salt was carried down the Traun river, in rough barges, but a great deal is packed now and sent away by rail. The brine from these mines also supplies the highly tonic baths at Ischl and Gmunden, said to contain twenty-five per cent. of salt, very useful in cases of scrofula and in many affections where the skin requires a strong stimulant. This salt manufacture is an Imperial monopoly. The most perfect order and cleanliness reign in every part of the works. Visitors may enter the Ischler Salzberg mine, by a central shaft named from the Kaiserin, Maria Ludovica. It is often illuminated in summer time, but there is such a large proportion of clay in the salt veins that the crystals are not brilliant, and the effects of lighting invariably disappoint the hopes of travellers who have seen the splendid illuminations at Wieliczka.

A great deal of timber is exported from the Salzkammergut, logs, planks, and boards, and wherever there is running water you may hear the pleasant, humming song of the round saw, cutting its way through straight trunks of the fir and pine-trees. There is also a large "home consumption" of timber for fuel and for building purposes. The roofs are all covered with wooden shingles, instead of slates or tiles, and the manufacture of these is almost a trade by itself. The walls are always built of stone or brick, but a great quantity of wood is employed outside for verandahs, stairs, gable-ends, and even small wings, and back buildings. The barns and sheds are very generally wood-built, and the higher we ascend among the mountains the more nearly the architecture, if we may call it so, resembles that of Switzerland. A good deal of timber is exported by rail, but more perhaps in the old way, by water, which saves the cost of carriage; not only logs, but planks and boards are bound together into rafts, and floated down the Traun. On certain days in the week, the river-side mills and saws stop work; the water is all shut off and the sluice-gates are opened. There are broad timber-shoots in all the weirs, which allow the safe descent of keel-less craft. The oldest and longest shoot in all this country is at the Traunfall, where the stream falls from a height of forty feet and more into a rocky chasm. The shoot, *der gute Fall*, was made in 1416 for the salt-barges, which pass down safely, but at a terrific pace.

There is a fine sight too once a month in Weissenbachthal, above Ischl, when the Chorinsky Klause, or sluice-gates, are thrown open. These are three great water-gates in an immense

dam carried boldly right across the valley of the Weissenbach, or White Brook. The water is allowed to collect for about a month, forming a large pool, which receives the logs and tree-trunks shot down from the surrounding mountain-sides. When the pool is full, the flood-gates are thrown open, and all the timber is swept down in a mad cataract to the Traun, which carries it more quietly to Ischl. The foresters give warning of this opening of the *klause*, by advertisements or posters, in the neighbourhood.

The woodmen of Lake Gmunden have less trouble. There is a timber-shoot on the Hoch Kogal, just where it descends to Leinauthal. Rough-hewn logs are shot down from a point on the mountain-side to the brow of a precipice, where they make a straight leap of a hundred feet or more into a log-pen in the lake itself. They strike the water with a loud report, like firing, which echoes and re-echoes from the monster rocks of Traunstein and, across the lake, from the convent walls of Traunkirchen. A steep zig-zag, sometimes a path, sometimes a wooden stair held to the precipice by iron girders, sometimes a flight of steps hewn in the cliff itself, mounts from the lake-side to the summit of the shoot; and, half way up, a mere goat-path on the naked rock, without rail or chain, on the verge of the precipice itself, gives access to the very spot where the logs, rushing down with a noise like thunder, quit the slide and take their giddy leap. The log-pen into which they dive is of the rudest, simplest structure: a wooden chain, of which the links are tree-trunks fastened together, end to end, by iron hooks and staples. Each extremity of this chain or fence is moored to the foot of the cliff, so that a large pool is inclosed directly underneath the shoot. The logs do not plunge deep, and almost always rise again within the enclosure.

Beside the salt and timber industries, there is a productive limestone quarry with works at Staininger, in the precipitous face of Traunstein where it rises from the lake. There is no carriage road, or even cart road, to Staininger, only a footpath from Gmunden, and all the traffic is by water; the lime is carried in barges to the Traunsee railway station at Unter Langbath. The limeworks are a private enterprise, but employ a good many hands.

Another industry that flourishes by the lake shore, and requires less capital than those just mentioned, is the building of long, pointed barges of rough plank, flat-bottomed, curved



upwards at the ends, and rowed with a sort of *gondola* stroke, with one heavy oar or a pair. These barges are made expressly for the river traffic, for carrying salt and produce of all sorts down to Linz. Their flat sides and bottoms, and the upward curve at bow and stern, enable them to pass the weirs easily without shipping water. They are also the only reliable means of communication between the west and a part of the east shore, isolated between high bluffs, where there is not even foothold for a goat between the precipice and the watery gulf. They do nearly all the carrying trade of the east shore, which has no wagon road in its entire length. They take bands of music and holiday-makers, from Gmunden, Ebenzweier, and Traunkirchen, to *Kleine Ramsau* and the King of Hanover beer-gardens at the foot of Traunstein. They are the hearses, finally, that bear the east-shore men and women across the water to rest in holy ground at Altmünster, or with the Capuchins at Traunkirchen, when they have done at last with the wood-chopping and dairy-work. They are very curious to look at, these east-shore funerals; the bier with its mournful trappings and wreaths of beads and flowers, the upright crucifix, the priest with open book, the lighted tapers, all rowed slowly over the lake in one of these rude boats, with a train of mourning-barges following; the monotonous chant of the Capuchin friars heard far and wide across the water.

There seems to be a good demand for Gmunden barges. You cannot walk or drive without hearing the carpenter's hammer and saw, and seeing the half covered skeletons of new boats at intervals by the water-side. They are never painted except sometimes just at the prow and stern, when very high beaks are made for ornament; but the builders have an odd way of decorating, and, at the same time, of proving their workmanship by fire. At Gmunden, in the evening, you may often see small red lights here and there, in the distance, by the margin. They are little fires of coal and sticks and pitch. The workmen have a curious tool, like a long, deep shovel; when a boat is built, they fill this shovel with the blazing mixture, place it against the fresh wood with the tip first resting on the ground, and draw it upwards to the gunwale, burning a broad, upright stripe. When the whole boat is striped in this way from end to end, the decoration is complete, and it is ready for launching. It is amusing to see these barges going down the Traun, passing the timber-shoots, on their way to

Linz, Enns, or Vienna, on days when the saws stop work. They, and the rafts too, often carry parties of holiday-makers, in warm weather, who sit at ease by wooden tables, smoking long pipes and drinking Salzburg beer as tranquilly as if they were on *terra firma* at the Wunderburg.

There is a great deal of fishing in Lake Gmunden, and the Traun is full of trout. It is a rare sight to see them leaping in the shallow rapids half a mile below the town, just before nightfall in summer time. There are also great flocks of wild duck on the lake; sometimes wild geese are seen, and herons, and the imperial eagle, and there are sociable little divers that come quite close in to the esplanade at Gmunden, when the swimmers and oarsmen do not disturb their fishing and diving. The lake is further animated by a flock of ten white swans that usually stay near Ort and Gmunden, but sometimes fly long distances, with great whistling of their wings in the air and hard banging of them on the water.

Beside the great industries already named, all the usual small trades are practised; there are good shops at Ischl and Gmunden, where the excellent work of skilled wood-carvers is conspicuous; and, among the smaller exports of this district, a fragrant *latschenöl*, or pine-oil, should be mentioned, made from the *pinus pumillo*; the best and strongest, perhaps, is to be had at Gmunden.

The Salzkammergut, then, is not only a country of upland pasture and fruit trees; it is a region of important industries, a region of masters and men. It is also a region of hardy mountaineers and chamois-hunters, who wear their tuft of chamois hair as proudly as any Switzer of the Oberland. Yet the peasants and small farmers are very generally tenants, not proprietors of their fields and gardens; not one of the new-fangled, social theories has been applied to them; they do not require heavy grants of Government money to keep their fingers out of dynamite, like the Republican *prolétaires* of France; they are not *prolétaires*, in fact, but respectable, thrifty people, who manure their grass, grow their peaches, ply their trades, and honour their Bishop and their *Kaiser*, as good Christians should. They are temperate and industrious, but not overworked, inclined for the most part to that *enbonpoint* which speaks of easy living and a quiet conscience; crime is rare; nearly all the faces have the happy, good-natured look that belongs to men who have not suffered from the pinch of poverty. The

absence of beggars is remarkable throughout the country. The richer peasants wear broad, leather money-belts, embroidered with green silk, a grey woollen jacket faced with green stuff of fine texture, and breeches more or less elaborately adorned with green braid.

They are not great politicians, and their ideas on religious matters are old-fashioned. They are not ashamed to kneel before a wayside cross, or lift their hats in the street when church bells ring the Angelus. They crowd the churches at Mass, and, what is more, they crowd the churches at Vespers, men as well as women, offering thus a noble contrast to the populations of those Western countries where French manners are most prevalent. Their political *credo* may be summed up in the antiquated phrase, "Honour the King." It is a *credo* that they have professed in Upper Austria from time immemorial, and of which they are not a little proud. Indeed, they have not time for political agitation; they are too busy salt-making, boat-building, timber-cutting, church-going, balancing their cash-books and their ledgers; too busy worshipping God, and counting His abundant gifts; they have not much taste for political meetings and speeches; they prefer a *Männerchor*, or volunteer brass band, to the heated atmosphere of a partisan club; they like a day in the woods, or a trip down to Linz in a salt-barge, with "a pipe and a friendly glass," when they can get a holiday. This love of the country, of river-side walks and forest retreats, and, we must add, of beer-gardens, is very notable in Upper Austria, if not throughout Germany. It is an excellent national trait, which keeps the people from meddling with what they do not understand; it is so general and so well known, that special provision is made for it almost everywhere. There is a curious contrast in this point between Germany and Italy. The Italians love the country too, but like to view it from a carriage; those only go on foot who cannot pay for wheels, and who are quite content to sit upon a milestone or the coping of a bridge, or lie upon their naked mother-earth; only sometimes in towns and their immediate vicinity the comfort of these pedestrians is provided for with backless, armless benches, generally of stone, of a sufficiently artistic form, but quite unfit to sit on. The people of Salzkammergut would hardly be satisfied with such accommodation. The Austrian middle classes love the woods, but also love their comfort; they love to walk, but they also love to sit at ease

beneath their fir-trees and beside their blue waters. They put seats everywhere, really easy seats, with comfortable backs, and sometimes arms as well; there is not a path in the woods, or by the water-side, without them. It is true that there are not only seats, but beer-gardens, in many of the prettiest spots. The Upper Austrian will walk miles to see a pretty bit of nature, but likes to quaff his glass of beer while he contemplates its beauty. We must bear in mind, however, that an Austrian beer-garden by Lake Gmunden is very different from a beer-garden in the poorer parts of Berlin or Frankfort or Cologne. It is simply a shady, open-air restaurant, generally very clean and very quiet, where any lady properly attended may go and sip her cup of coffee of an afternoon, without the slightest hesitation.

Let us confess that, notwithstanding this intelligent attention to certain corporal comforts, we should expect to find these ultra-conservative salt-makers and boat-builders very much "behind the age," as people say; we should expect to find them rather narrow-minded, and rather ignorant of everything outside of their little routine; we should not expect to find them taking active interest in any of the highest, new developments of our century's progress, putting on a suit of tweeds, for instance, and travelling up to study an electrical exhibition in the Prater. We should deceive ourselves. It is not universally known, perhaps, in England, that education is compulsory for all classes in Austria, from peasant to prince; there is absolutely no exception. There are private schools, private tutors, and governesses, of course, but these are all subject to Government inspection, and not only subject to it, but are actually inspected with no little diligence. It is a system that has its disadvantages, as well as its merits. Under a Protestant Prime Minister, like Beust, it was too easy to harass Catholic teachers, and exert a bad influence in certain schools where indifferentism was rife already; but it ensures the universal diffusion of education. No tutor or governess is allowed to teach without a diploma; all are required to pass an annual examination, on pain of forfeiting their right to teach in case of failure or non-compliance. The public schools enjoy an excellent reputation. The Austrian compulsory education law is one of the oldest in Europe, whence it follows that this ultra-conservative peasantry is one of the best educated in the world, one of those which have been longest disciplined by good school

training, and which have a certain inherited as well as an acquired education. Let us admit at once that this is not what is called a "liberal education" at the present day. Reading and writing, arithmetic, geography, history, natural science, mathematics, languages, and various other branches of learning, are taught in the Austrian schools; but atheism is not taught, veiled or unveiled, in any form whatever. When an Austrian Government schoolmaster gives his lecture now on natural science, he does not fail to say that gradual structural changes, observed in certain animal *genera*, have led to a belief that higher mammals, even man himself, may be developed out of lower forms. So far so good. But that is not enough to give his teaching a decided character of "liberality." He ought to say, as they all do in France and Italy, and in the Liberal communes of Belgium, that these discoveries have put an end for ever to all question of what used to be called revealed history, that man is immortal because he is material, and matter is eternal, but not otherwise. These things are not taught thus in Austria. The public schools must all be Catholic in the Catholic provinces of the Empire; they may be Protestant where the Protestant religion has special legal recognition. It is not a bad system, on the whole. The Catholic Church has much to gain and nothing whatever to fear from universal education. It is just possible that various late instances of Catholic and Conservative majorities among well educated populations, in Austria itself, and notably last year in Belgium, may cool the eagerness of anti-Catholic reformers to introduce a *capacitaire* franchise. The Upper Austrians more especially lend unflinching support to the maintenance of order and liberty in Church and State, under a system that oppresses no one, and leaves each individual a just degree of freedom. That pest of our civilization, the secret society man, has no hold at all in the Salzkammergut.

The Austrian school vacations begin on the 15th of June and end on the 15th of September. They exercise a much more marked effect on the Salzkammergut season than even the Emperor's sojourn at Ischl. In the school vacation, Vienna and Viennese "high life" migrate to the Traun valley. Immediately before and immediately after these holidays, the esplanades and summer gardens are empty and silent, the *cafés*, music pavilions, and kursaals are closed. All the children are obliged to be at school; the youngest are naturally taught by

governesses, or go to day-school only; the parents are obliged to be at home to oversee the *ménage*. Such is the explanation generally given of this sudden and extraordinary filling and emptying of the Salzkammergut, in the middle of the finest months in all the year. No doubt it is the right one in the main. The emptying is even more abrupt and curious than the filling up in June; the change between the 10th and 15th of September is almost magical. But the good country people work away at their church-going and their industries the same in season and out of season; and when the crowd is gone we have a better opportunity to observe their habits; we are better able to appreciate the vigorous intelligence and enlightened enterprise with which they have developed the resources of their district, importing all the real and imaginary necessities of nineteenth century life, and procuring themselves a handsome return for the money and toil expended.

Perhaps it is needless to say that democratic political economists and experimental communists, in search of statistics, are not partial to this region. We find no Salzkammergut figures in Adam Smith or Owen; and this observation holds good also of those economical philosophers who seek to prove the moral and material degeneracy of countries where the Church's influence is dominant. The truth is that this part of Austria is not a bad example of the real Christian monarchy; a happy adaptation to the wants and aspirations of our rapid, modern life, and the exigencies of modern thought, of such political and social conditions as we are used to think of in connection with the France of Henry the Second or of St. Louis. It is an adaptation in which much is modified. There have been great changes since good Kaiser Maximilian's time; and we shall have to notice specially the legislation of 1867 and 1868, succeeding the establishment of parliamentary government; but let us remark at once that the adaptation of this representative system does not mar the parallel between the Upper Austria of to-day and the old Christian monarchy in France, where parliamentary institutions flourished before the reign of Louis the Eleventh.

We have seen how Austria has kept pace with the age in point of material progress, and has taken the lead even in diffusing education among the lower classes; but the principle of legitimacy remains intact. This principle of authority, essentially opposed to Western theories of popular sovereignty,



and which Austrian statesmen, notably the great Prince Metternich, have maintained in the face of every sort of opposition, has always been the battle-cry of the Empire. It has not been sacrificed by the grant of a constitution; it is still the base-principle of Austrian government. The Sovereign's right to exercise authority directly over his people is circumscribed, but not abolished. We shall see that Francis Joseph the First asserted this important principle on the very morrow of the self-limitation of his autocracy. This fundamental principle of what is called the Christian monarchy, may be roughly stated as the doctrine that the Creator has a right to govern His creatures as He pleases, directly or by delegate. It is a principle against which the Freemasons, and all their following of secret sects, have fought from their foundation until now, with all the power of their dishonest arts and implacable hatred; it is the bane of those philosophers who reduce all religion and religious duty to a more or less reverent contemplation of a great "First Cause," of whose nature nothing can be known except so far as it may be revealed by the researches of empirical science. Wherever the old errors cling, they tell us, wherever the Catholic religion and this principle of authority dominate, the people are debased and miserable; commercial stagnation, ignorance, pauperism, immorality, and crime give potent evidence of the pernicious doctrines that prevail. It is not hard to understand why these gentlemen are not fond of making up their tables of statistics in the Austrias.

BIDDLE-COPE.



## *Chapters on Theology.*

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### II. MAN'S FORFEITURE OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

THE primeval innocence in which man was created did not last long. Holy Scripture tells us nothing about the time during which he remained in Paradise in the enjoyment of all those liberal gifts that God had bestowed upon him. There is a sort of tradition (though I do not know what amount of authority it carries with it, or, indeed, whether it has any authority at all) that for one short week alone did he remain faithful to God. It is said that on a Friday he was created, and that on the following Friday he fell.

But it makes very little difference whether it was for a longer or shorter period that man enjoyed the birthright God had given him. At all events, he had not completed, and perhaps had scarce begun, the allotted time of probation when he forfeited it. The circumstances which led to this forfeiture, and the means by which it came about, are the second subject that presents itself next in order in the history of original sin. Was it inflicted as the penalty of some small and insignificant transgression, or of some grievous breach of the Divine law and outrage of the Divine Lawgiver? What were the various steps that led to the fatal change? Is the story handed down to us to be accepted literally, or is it merely an allegory from which we have to extract the underlying fact that man, by some act or other, which is symbolically represented in the Scripture account, lost his primeval innocence?

Modern Rationalists deny altogether the historical value of the third chapter of Genesis. Some of them describe it as a myth invented to account for man's present condition. Others say that it is an allegorical explanation of the change from the state of innocent childhood and unconscious ignorance to that of puberty and conscious knowledge: others describe it as a symbolical dream. Others bring against it various objections; *e.g.*, the arbi-

trary character which they ascribe to the command: the want of correspondence between the trifling fault and tremendous punishment: the supposed absurdity of the devil speaking through the serpent's mouth: and last of all, the futility of the punishment, since, they say, all the penalties inflicted were already present in the world and belonged to the nature of things and their original constitution.

In much of this the modern Rationalists had a forerunner in Cardinal Cajetan, who asserted that there was no real discourse between Eve and the serpent in Paradise, and that the devil never spoke to Eve through the serpent's mouth, but that the temptation was an internal one, and that the devil attacked Eve by putting before her imagination the seductive picture, suggesting sin to her, not by any external voice, but by the internal whisper prompting her to evil.

Such an explanation as this is quite inadmissible. The Book of Genesis is a collection of historical documents. The creation of man, his sojourn in the Garden, his expulsion from it, the death of his firstborn, are all matters of history intimately connected with the whole annals of the human race. All of them centre around this story as the turning-point in man's career. The Fall of man is more closely connected than any other part of the story with man's subsequent destiny on earth: it is its foundation and pivot, and it is therefore impossible that it should be a mere legend devoid of historical truth. Would any writer, even of mere ordinary prudence and discretion, make a mere allegory the central point of his whole story? Much less would one act thus to whom God Himself suggested the subjects of which he was to treat, and whom He preserved from every error in the narration of them. If this story is not historical, if the Fall of our first parents is a mere allegorical tale, the very foundation of the whole Christian religion and of the Divine economy is called in question. The whole of revelation, deprived of its support and basis, all fades away gradually into a purely natural religion and a negative creed. If we receive the Bible at all as coming from God as its Author, we must receive as strictly true the story of the Fall. The sacred writers themselves evidently accepted it and stamped it with their infallible approbation. "From the woman came the beginning of sin, and through her we all die," says the Wise Man.<sup>1</sup> "God created man incorruptible, but by the envy of the devil sin

<sup>1</sup> Eccl. xxv. 33.

entered into the world.<sup>2</sup> "The serpent seduced Eve by his subtlety" are the words of St. Paul.<sup>3</sup> "Adam was not seduced, but the woman, being seduced, was in the transgression."<sup>4</sup>

But to those who deny the fact of revelation, this argument will have little value. It is my more immediate business to show that the objections alleged by the Rationalist have no solid basis of reason, and especially that the sin of Adam was no slight transgression, no trifling misdemeanour, such as the eating of an ordinary apple would be on the part of one to whom it was forbidden, but that it was in itself a grievous sin, and was but the consummation of other grievous sins that had gone before it, and by reason of which sanctifying grace had already vanished from the soul of our first parents.

The details of the story are familiar to all my readers. If there are in it circumstances which are at first startling to us, it is only because we are prone to judge of everything by our own limited experience. Just as heretics regard a miracle as impossible simply because one has never fallen within the range of their personal experience, so Rationalists condemn as incredible the speech of Satan through the serpent's mouth. It does not seem to have startled Eve. Perhaps Adam and Eve amid their other gifts, had the power of understanding the speech of animals, and even entering into conversation with them, speaking with them, as St. Francis used to speak to them, as his brothers and friends. The higher animals who approach so nearly to the confines of reason, that many cannot trace the limit, have certainly a language by which they can at least communicate facts to each other. The converse of a man with his favourite dog is almost the talk of friend to friend, and there is nothing incredible in the supposition of Adam and Eve holding familiar converse with those of the nobler animals in whom there is, as St. Thomas teaches, a certain reflection or faint shadowing of human intelligence. The voice proceeding from the mouth of the lower animals would not be to Eve the extraordinary portent that it would be to us. It may be that the devil had to choose the serpent as his mouthpiece, in order that by this strange phenomenon she might be on her guard against his cunning and subtlety. Even if the unusual portent revealed to her that it was an evil spirit addressing her through the medium of the serpent, she, in her original justice, had no reason to fear the attacks of the enemy so long as she remained in her

<sup>2</sup> Wisdom ii. 24.

<sup>3</sup> 2 Cor. xi. 3.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Tim. ii. 14.

innocence. There was no concupiscence for him to stir, no evil imagination in her that he could throw into relief. She felt secure, and was secure so long as she retained intact that happy subjection to God, that willing dependence which was the safeguard by which God defended her against any surprise or unexpected assault of sin. Nor is there anything strange in the devil taking one of the lower animals as his mouthpiece. If by God's permission he has often spoken through the mouth of energumens, if those possessed by him utter sounds not the outcome of their own will or of their own brain, but simply the words of the devil, whose mere instrument they are; if sometimes, too, he speaks through the medium of idols or images representing himself, there is nothing extraordinary in his speaking through the serpent's mouth. The Angel opened the mouth of the ass to speak to Balaam, and there is no reason why God should not allow the devil to use his power over the serpent. It was his appropriate instrument, with its proud crest, and noiseless entry, and poisonous fangs inflicting speedy death, and its nature formed to crawl along the ground.

But if it is not so strange a thing that Eve should at first have listened unsuspecting, she ought soon to have discovered the character of the voice which came from the serpent's mouth. He asked Eve why she was not allowed to eat of all the trees of the Garden. Under the guise of seeking information, he drew Eve's attention to God's forbiddance to eat of the tree which had the ill-omened name of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and Eve, apparently in all simplicity, answered the question and gave the reason of the command: "Of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of Paradise, God hath commanded us that we should not eat; and that we should not touch it, lest perhaps we die."<sup>5</sup>

Now that he had gained her ear, the devil hastened to take advantage of his opportunity. "In the day that you shall eat of it you shall die! No you shall not die the death! Is there any trace of poison in its fair fruit? Look at it, you who know so well the nature of all plants and flowers and fruits? Has it any inherent power to harm? Is death hidden under its rosy colour and delicious perfumes? See, it is good for food. God has quite another reason for prohibiting it. He knows that those who taste it will share one of His prerogatives which He desires to keep to Himself. He grudges you one of His noblest

<sup>5</sup> Genesis iii. 3.

perfections, a complete knowledge of evil as well as of good, and seeing that the fruit of this fair tree will bestow it, He has forbidden it under these severe penalties and by means of these empty threats of death. Look at it again; is it not fair, wholesome, delicious? Where is the death with which he threatens you in it? Taste, and then you will see whether this God who grudges you this element in your happiness has not been deceiving you. Taste, and you will see that He has been depriving you of a source of continual joy. Taste, and you will become like to Him, knowing good and evil."

Thus spoke the devil through the serpent's mouth, but what meanwhile had been going on in the soul of Eve? what had been the chain of thought within her? We can tell from the result and from other passages of Holy Scripture, from which we clearly learn that the eating of the apple was not her first sin. Before the act of disobedience, other grievous sin had taken place. As she listened to the tempter's words there had arisen in her mind a desire akin to that flash of desire which had cast down Satan himself in one instant from Heaven to Hell,—a desire for her own exaltation independently of God. Not by surprise, but deliberately knowing what she was doing, with no concupiscence urging her, but simply of her own free will, she preferred herself to God, her own advancement to His command. She admitted a deliberate thought of rebellion against God on account of this irksome interference with her liberty, and as the rebel always hates his supposed oppressor, so Eve allowed hatred of God to take possession of her soul as the result of this revolt of her will against the restrictions which God had imposed upon the freedom of life in Paradise. This rebellion of the will, this hatred of restriction and of Him who had imposed it, was accompanied by an unlawful desire for this superior knowledge which the devil proposed to her, and which he promised should make her like to God. We cannot suppose that she imagined that it would make her equal to God, but it possessed the glamour of an unknown, mysterious something which roused her feminine curiosity, and whetted her desire for it, and the more she desired it the more did the aversion for Him who had forbidden it increase and intensify. She dwelt upon the promised boon with its indeterminate attractions and unknown advantages with that feeling of delight and complacency which is called by theologians morose delectation. She dwelt on God's prohibition and the penalties,

threatened to the disobedient with a feeling of irritation, anger, and aversion which ripened into a formal hatred of her Creator. In all this we recognize a clear and plain sin of pride altogether antecedent to the formal act of the eating of the forbidden fruit.

But we have not to rest merely on the reason of the thing to detect pride as the first sin, and the commencement of this and every other overt act committed against God. The testimony of Holy Scripture clearly confirms the theory, if theory it can be called, that I have given in explanation of Eve's otherwise unaccountable folly. "Pride," says the Wise Man,<sup>6</sup> "is the beginning (or originating cause) of all sin: he that holdeth it shall be filled with maledictions, and it shall ruin him in the end." "Never suffer pride," says the aged Tobias, "to reign in thy mind or in thy words, for from it all perdition took its beginning."<sup>7</sup> The same account of the beginning of the first sin is supported by the universal witness of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, who testify one and all that it consisted in that rebellious longing after what was strictly forbidden which involves a sort of defiance of the Author of the prohibition, and in an implicit hatred of One whose command stood in the way of the attainment of that fancied superiority which the eating of the fruit was to bestow.

This was the first step, but there were others to follow before the sin was consummated. The deliberate sin of pride involving an aversion from God, and a rebellious desire for that knowledge of good and evil, now passed on to a further stage. God's greatest and best gift, the gift above all other gifts, the gift of sanctifying grace, was now departed, since sanctifying grace cannot coexist with mortal sin. The Divine beauty had fled from her soul, and with it had departed too its companion and ally, its friend and its safeguard, that second gift of which sanctifying grace had been the occasion and the source. Original justice, producing in the soul the due submission of the lower to the higher nature, had now departed. The King had been banished, and the minister and ruler of the kingdom departed with his monarch. No longer was concupiscence kept far away, no longer was the soul secure against surprise, no longer was there a protection against any rebellion of the flesh, no longer was there perfect order and harmony in the various faculties. Original justice was gone, and now the soul of Eve became a

<sup>6</sup> Eccles. x. 15.

<sup>7</sup> Tobias iv. 14.



prey to an inordinate desire of the things of sense that she had never known before, and which is a continual source of degradation and humiliation to men. She looked upon the tempting apple now with different eyes. Its external beauty, its fragrant odour, the luscious sweetness which she imagined would delight her palate, all added to its attractiveness and stimulated that vague longing after that mysterious knowledge of good and evil which she promised herself would be so glorious, so godlike an acquisition. The agitation of eager curiosity now took possession of her, the longing to satisfy that curiosity brought disorder into her soul. Reason strove in vain for the mastery. In the city there was confusion. Those who were bound to obey rose in rebellion against those who had the right to command. There was a civil war within the soul. The lawful monarch had departed, and the usurper had raised his unholy standard. As long as sanctifying grace had reigned supreme, there had been perfect harmony, now that it was lost all loyalty was at an end—

Rege incolumi, mens omnibus una est :  
Amisso rupere fidem.

The sin of unlawful desire for a forbidden likeness to God was followed by its more degraded and earthborn ally of a desire for forbidden sensual pleasure. Deliberately and with full knowledge Eve surrendered herself to concupiscence and to the base desire for a mere animal indulgence of her appetite.

But the satisfaction of her desire had still an obstacle in its way. There still rang in her ears the Divine warning, "In the day that you eat thereof you shall die the death." Even if the indulgence of sense was sweet, even if the new knowledge to be gained were sweeter still, yet it would be dearly purchased by the prospect of death to follow after. If this new knowledge had its mysterious attractions, yet death had its awful and mysterious terrors. Reason still uttered its warning : how was she to be induced to the overt act of disobedience with the certain conviction that God would carry out the sentence He had already pronounced, and inflict a punishment whose bitterness would far exceed the momentary pleasure ? How could she be guilty of such suicidal folly ? The most obvious motives of self-interest came in to check her on the downward course. She could not be so utterly irrational as to buy the new delight at the price of certain death. But while she hesitated, there



sounded in her ears once more the voice she had heard but a few moments before ; the echo of the serpent's words came to the aid of concupiscence in its battle with reason. "It is not true that you will die. God was deceiving you ; it was but a *brutum fulmen* with which He threatens you. Have you not seen with your own eyes the apple's beauty, and has not your knowledge of its nature taught you that no death lies beneath ? Do not believe the tyrant who does but seek to rob you of the happiness of which He grudges you the enjoyment. You shall not die the death ; instead of that, you will become as gods, knowing good and evil."

Eve listened, and listening gave consent, and in giving consent admitted into her soul a deliberate doubt of what God Himself had directly revealed to her. She allowed herself to disbelieve, or at least to withhold her full assent from the fact of death to follow, which God had pronounced to be the penalty of disobedience. Already pride had blinded her, already a prevailing concupiscence had dulled her intellectual perceptions, already the admitted aversion from God and from things Divine had made her dislike the divinely-revealed fact. Already self-will had come in to throw its false weights into the scale of rebellion, and Eve proceeded to the further step of a wilful sin against the faith in admitting a doubt of the truth of the words of God. Her error therefore was not only a practical one, but also was speculative ; it was a sin of the intellect perverted by the will, and not merely of the will rebelling against the verdict of the intellect. Of this we have a curious and a very clear proof in one of the Epistles of St. Paul. In the First Epistle to St. Timothy he is giving certain rules and regulations to the Ephesian Church. Among other things, he forbids any teaching on the part of women in the churches, and urges upon them modesty and silence and subjection, as the virtues most becoming in their sex. In confirmation of this he urges two arguments : (1) That Adam was formed first, and then Eve, who in her very creation was dependent upon and supplementary to her husband. (2) That Adam was not deceived or seduced in the Fall, but that it was Eve who was deceived, and so was in the transgression.<sup>8</sup> Adam's sin was not, therefore, one of intellectual blindness consequent on the seductive voice of the tempter. But Eve actually believed at the moment that she reached forth her hand to pluck the apple, that God's threatened punishment was not a certain consequence

<sup>8</sup> 1 Tim. ii. 14.

of guilt, or at least, that there was some more indulgent, some less severe meaning to be attached to the words of their Creator. Just as men now, misled by concupiscence, deceived by the same tempter who tempted Eve, with intellects dulled by sin, give to the threats of eternal punishment denounced against the wicked a less awful and a softer meaning than is conveyed by the literal meaning of our Lord's words, so Eve persuaded herself, under the double influence of pride and concupiscence, that when God spoke those words, "Ye shall die the death," He did not literally mean what He said. As men now tell us, that eternal does not mean eternal, and soften it down into *æonian*, or long-enduring, so Eve, under the persuasion of the serpent, softened down the word death into some milder sense, attaching to it some vague and indefinite meaning which would rob it of its chiefest horror. She had surrendered the supernatural grace, she had lost the gift of original justice which banished concupiscence. The blind attachment to earthly things had clouded the brightness of her intellectual powers, and as the result of this she wilfully admitted into her soul a distorted and perverted meaning of the words of God. Her intellect was misled by her corrupted will to pass a false judgment. She was eager and anxious that God's words should not be true. The wish was father to the thought, and hence, by a fatal self-deception, she veiled her own eyes, and then said, and in one sense said with truth, that she could not see. She shut her ears against the Divine warnings, and then declared within herself, and in one sense declared with truth, that they had ceased to sound any longer in her ears.

For the moment I must turn aside to notice how in this Eve was the type of all who have fallen away from the revealed truth, or refused to accept it when clearly and plainly put before them. It is not that they are in bad faith *hic et nunc*—they really believe at the moment that they enunciate their heresies that they are true. Even the apostate may in this sense believe the calumnies and blasphemies that he hurls against the Church. But they are in bad faith, perhaps in worse faith than if they were telling a conscious lie, in that the only reason why they do not and cannot perceive the truth, is that they have already debauched their minds by pride or lust going before, and have thus deliberately caused themselves to put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, darkness for light and light for darkness, falsehood for truth and truth for falsehood.

But the act of disobedience was not yet consummated. All these hitherto were but preliminary steps, and it is possible that if Eve had there stopped and bethought herself of her misery, and with humble contrition sought forgiveness, that even then she might perchance have regained what she had lost, the favour of God, freedom from concupiscence, the peace of her soul, the gift of sanctifying grace. At all events, the penalty of death was not yet incurred; her sin had been hitherto a sin or a series of sins of thought, but no overt act had been committed. But she had long been preparing the way for the last and most fatal step which was to crown all. She had renounced her allegiance to God when she had consented to and harboured the unlawful complacency in the thought of enjoying that which He had forbidden, of gaining the prohibited knowledge of good and evil which had such a mysterious attractiveness. Desire had risen up against reason, and proclaimed its right to an independent share in the government of the soul. Clouded thus by pride and bribed by desire, the intellect had been seduced into a sin against faith, in doubting the veracity of God in the threat which He had pronounced. The bulwarks had fallen one by one, a traitor was in the citadel, mutiny was rife in the ranks of those who should have fought against the foe, and now the enemy had easy work in taking actual possession of the city he was beleaguering. "The woman saw that the tree was good to eat and fair to the eyes and delightful to behold, and she took of the fruit thereof and did eat." The sins of thought and of desire proceeded to the far worse sin of act; the wish to be free from the yoke was now exchanged for an open disobedience; the mutinous soldier declared open rebellion, and the penalty for rebellion must be paid. Sin, open, overt, actual sin had entered into the world, and its ghastly companion death came in as by right to claim as his own the soul and body of the sinner, now doomed to die, not by any special Divine intervention, but by the ordinary law of decay and corruption which is the universal law of the external world.

But had the curse already fallen on all mankind? Was the sin of their first mother to entail on all her children its deadly consequences? Was the sin of Eve the signing of the warrant of death to all future generations? Not as yet. Eve indeed had fallen, but Eve was not the head of the human race—she was subordinate to another who had been created

before her and who was superior to her. It was Adam, not Eve, who was the representative of the human family. As long as Adam remained sinless the gifts bestowed upon him would have been transmitted to his descendants. It was to Adam, and not to Eve, that was committed the guardianship of those precious treasures in so far as they were given to the race, not to the individual.

Adam had not been present when the serpent tempted Eve, or at all events had not taken part in her sin. But she was not satisfied with working her own ruin. One of the effects of mortal sin is that it leads men to imitate the devil in his desire to drag down others to share his own lot. Eve must needs play the devil's part and seduce Adam from his allegiance. She sought her husband, and, aided by her new ally, brought to bear upon him all her womanly arts to induce him to join her in her revolt against God. We know not what arguments she used. Perhaps she repeated the devil's arguments to her, declaring with false mouth that already she was enjoying the privilege of this new knowledge of good and evil which had raised her to be like God. Perhaps when he hesitated and was unwilling to eat of the miserable fruit, she threw herself at his knees and besought him by his love for her not to separate himself from her, not to desert her in this new contest which her new knowledge and her new liberty would entail upon her, not to leave her to live alone that new life which the knowledge of good and evil would give rise to in her soul. Adam yielded, but before he yielded there passed in his soul a series of acts going before the final sin, which corresponded in part to those which took place in the soul of Eve. In this case it was Eve, not Satan, who played the tempter and put before him in vivid colours the injustice and arbitrary oppression with which God had treated them. She would represent that from her own experience she knew that God had denied them this extension of their happiness, not through any love or because it was injurious to them, but from a grudging fear lest they should be like to Himself, and Adam, foolishly listening to her, would begin to share her unlawful longing after the forbidden knowledge and that aversion to God, who had prohibited the means by which it was to be acquired. This was his first sin, the sin of deliberately desiring his own advancement independently of God, of wishing to become like to God in a way which God had forbidden, the same sin which begins

all sin, which wrought the ruin of the fallen angels, which had wrought the ruin of Eve—the sin of pride.

Pride having thus taken possession of his soul, his downward course was an easy and a rapid one. Sanctifying grace having departed, or at all events being weakened within him, in his case, as in that of Eve, original justice forsook the citadel where the King no longer reigned. His soul was thrown into confusion, and when Eve plied him with entreaties not to forsake her, when she besought him by his love for her not to be so cruel as to leave her alone, but to join his destiny to hers, whether for good or evil, for better or for worse, Adam, with his reason darkened by the pride which had commenced to work man's fall, could no longer resist her blandishments. The authority of God was shaken within him, reason no longer maintained the affections in due subjection, earthly love was no longer indulged in its legitimate subordination to the supernatural love of God, and Adam allowed himself to prefer the creature to the Creator, to listen to the false words of Eve that fell upon his ear rather than to the voice of God speaking to his soul.

But there was still before his eyes the punishment with which God threatened them both if they transgressed His mandate and ate of the forbidden fruit. "In the day that ye eat thereof ye shall die the death." Are we to suppose that Adam, like Eve, doubted of the veracity of God, allowed himself to suppose that God would not really carry out the threatened sentence, and so, like Eve, committed a sin against faith. I have already quoted St. Paul's words, from which we gather that this was not the case. "Adam," he says, "was not seduced or deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression."<sup>9</sup> Adam, that is to say, had not his intellect so clouded by the effects of pride and of concupiscence as to doubt or disbelieve the truth of the penalty which would follow upon sin. When he listened to the voice of Eve, and in his misguided and guilty love for her and desire to please her, allowed himself to be persuaded into sharing her ruin, he did it with his eyes open, knowing and believing that he would die, but in his reckless disregard of his own happiness, of the authority of God, of the consequences that would be entailed by his yielding, he took of the fruit which was proffered to him by Eve, and ate. He took it, not for its own sake, not seduced by its tempting

<sup>9</sup> 1 Tim. ii. 14.

appearance or promised flavour, not urged on by the curiosity which made the unknown so attractive to the first woman, as it does to all her daughters after her, but under the influence of an extravagant and guilty love, which reckoned the anger of Almighty God to be of less account than the tears and entreaties of a woman.

Then, and not till then, not till Adam had eaten of the fruit, did the curse fall, and all God's gifts—supernatural grace and original justice and immortality and exemption from decay and acknowledged sovereignty over creation—disappear from the world, not for Adam and Eve only, not as a mere personal penalty, but for all the countless generations who should be born of them to the end of time. It was not the previous sins which forfeited them, but the actual eating of the apple, since to this, and to this alone, was the sentence of death attached. It was not Eve's fall which ruined mankind, but Adam's, since it was he who was the head and representative before Almighty God of all the human family.

We are now in a position to consider the question, Was Adam's sin a small one? Was the penalty attached to it out of proportion to the offence? Was there any injustice in the sentence of death passed upon millions for the eating of one little apple? When men point to the eating of the apple as a trifle, they forget that it was a representative act. The magnitude and importance of an action cannot be judged from what it is in itself, but from the significance which in the nature of things attaches to it. A very trifling act may be the signal of a revolution. Let us suppose a case very parallel to the case of our first parents. A King intrusts a part of his dominions to one of his officers, gives him a complete authority over the inhabitants, allots him lordly revenues, builds him a magnificent vice-regal palace, admits him into the most friendly and familiar intercourse with himself, promises that all these favours shall be continued to his descendants. But he makes one condition: the royal flag, he says, is never to be taken down from the summit of your palace. It is to be the symbol that you still acknowledge me as your monarch, and recognize your dependence on me. In the day on which it disappears, or if ever you replace it by any other standard, in that very day your lands, your palace, your subjects, nay, your very life, is forfeited, and your children and their children after them will lose every privilege I have conferred upon you. Now we will suppose that after a time



a rebel and enemy of the monarch promises to the officer thus favoured a new dominion, if he will remove the King's standard from his palace tower. He listens to the foe, believes his false promises, rebels in heart against the King, and disavows his allegiance; and in token of that disobedience lowers the royal standard and runs up a flag of his own. Who would not acknowledge the justice of depriving him and his for ever of the boons which had been conferred upon them? It was but a little thing, it might be urged, to run down one standard and substitute another in its place. Yet it would be a great and grievous act of rebellion because of the spirit of rebellion which the change would indicate; because the general would thereby defy his King, declare his own independence and his disavowal of the monarch's authority, and it is this, and not the mere material act of lowering the flag, which would meet with its just retribution. Justly would the rebel for this one overt act lose all the dominion intrusted to him, justly would he be deprived of his revenues, justly would he be thrust forth from his palace, justly would he be condemned to die for his treason; justly too would his children after him be reduced to the rank of mere ordinary citizens, justly would they suffer the punishment of their father's sin in the withdrawal from them as well as from him of all the gifts that had been gratuitously given them by the generous monarch.

The moral value of an action is to be judged, not from its intrinsic importance in itself, but in its moral bearing as judged from the circumstances under which it was done, and the spirit in which it was done, the motives that urged it, the intention that inspired it, the majesty or dignity of the person for whom or against whom it was directed. A falling spark may work more mischief than the outburst of a volcano. There may be more guilt in the wink of an eye than in violence which lays low an enemy in the dust. The eating of the apple was a grave and serious sin, not only because it was forbidden under grievous penalties, but because of all the sins which it involved in its company, the pride, the concupiscence, the infidelity, the aversion from God, of which the eating of the apple was but the final consummation and completion: the last straw which broke down God's longsuffering and impelled Him to pass the sentence of deprivation for ever on fallen man.



### *Holy Week at Tasco, Mexico.*

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THE mining town of Tasco is situated amid wild and rugged mountains in the State of Guerrero, in Mexico, and though well within the tropics (its latitude being about  $18^{\circ} 30'$ ), it enjoys a most healthy and delightful climate, owing to its elevation above the sea level and to the fine mountain air that surrounds it: testimony is borne to this fact in the works of Humboldt.

In spite of the rapid strides of irreligion in Mexico, Tasco has preserved its love for the Catholic faith, and even for the outward pomp of the worship of God; and in defiance of the laws of reform, which forbid all processions outside the church under penalty of severe fines, the inhabitants perform all their ceremonies as they learnt them in times when the Church was free. There are many towns in which the Catholics pay with a good heart the heavy sums with which, in its covetousness, the Government hopes to crush out the faith; and Tasco is understood to be one of them.

Situated in the midst of a rich silver mining district, Tasco, in the days of its prosperity, was always a tempting prize for the lawless bands who, under pretence of upholding one political party or another, swept over the country, robbing and pillaging whatever they could lay their hands on. But in the midst of all their misfortunes, the *Tasqueños* succeeded in saving a considerable part, though not all, of the rich treasures of plate and jewelry with which their noble church had been endowed by its wealthy and holy founder; and although at present very little precious metal is used in the ceremonies of the church, for fear of exciting the greed of the powers that be, yet it is edifying to know that there is still much wealth hidden and buried where only the faithful hereditary old sacristan knows how to get at it, and that it is there available the moment that more genial times smile on the troubled church of Mexico.

The time of Holy Week is entirely devoted in Tasco to the ceremonies of the Church, both the ordinary and usual ones, and

those which are peculiar to Mexico. A short account of them by an eye-witness may not be without interest to the readers of THE MONTH.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon on Maundy Thursday the ceremony of washing the feet of twelve beggars took place. The twelve poor men were seated on two benches in the middle of the church, and were dressed in bright coloured tunics to imitate the attire of the Apostles; they wore wreaths of leaves on their heads, and held staves in their hands. The parish priest, a Spaniard, in an alb and purple stole, but quite barefoot, knelt down before each beggar, and washed, dried, and kissed his feet; after he had done so, the vicar, also a Spaniard, and another priest, a Mexican, who was on a visit at Tasco, also knelt and kissed the feet of each of the beggars; and the priests were followed in this act of humility by twelve or fifteen of the most influential and wealthy gentlemen of Tasco. Then the parish priest preached briefly on the humility of our Lord in washing the feet of the Apostles. After the sermon the greater part of the congregation dispersed, and the Office of Tenebræ was recited by the priests, the choir, and the few people who had remained in the church. When Tenebræ was over there was a short space of time, which some visitors devoted to seeing the church, which is very beautiful in its way. It is all of a red stone found in the neighbourhood, the outside being most elaborately carved and ornamented. The inside is covered with the richest wood-carving all gilt and painted in the style of the old Spanish churches. The sacristy as well as the church is enriched with many valuable paintings by Cabrera and other celebrated Hispano-Mexican painters: these treasures have fortunately as yet escaped the ruthless hands which in many other places have left nothing but the empty frames.

At nightfall, which, in that land of no twilight, is a little after six, the whole of the large square in front of the church was filled with people, and the parish priest, from a pulpit erected just outside the church door, preached on the Agony in the Garden and the seizure of our Lord after His betrayal by Judas. On one side of the church door there had been constructed an arbour in which there was a life-size image representing our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemani. When the sermon was ended, a troop of soldiers, dressed in what was intended to be the dress of Roman soldiery, rushed about, led by centurions on fantastically caparisoned horses, literally *cum*

*gladiis et fustibus*, until, directed by one who personated Judas, they entered the arbour and seized the image of our Lord. No sooner had they done so, than the silence which had prevailed during the pretended search was broken by the incessant beating of drums and the sad piping of the *chirimia*, a discordant instrument with only two notes, which sounds something between a whistle and a fife. The image was now dragged forth and loaded with chains and bound with ropes; the great crowd in the square keeping a most solemn and reverential silence all the while. The capture having been effected, the image was raised on a suitable frame and borne on the shoulders of six men, and the procession started, the drums and the *chirimia* playing unceasingly. More than two thousand persons (as the parish priest estimated), carrying wax candles, formed in two long lines, one on each side of a street leading from the principal square, and began to walk slowly along the steep and stony thoroughfares of the town. Although so many took part in the procession, no diminution was perceptible in the densely packed crowd which filled the whole square, and not a window or balcony was to be seen unoccupied. Thousands of people flocked to Tasco to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week, many undertaking a journey of several days in a country where there are practically no roads. Between the long lines of candle-bearers walked the penitents—real penitents indeed—enduring a most severe self-imposed torture. They were eight or ten in number; their faces covered with a thick black veil of rough and coarse material, their bodies bare to the waist; round the waist five or six coils of an exceedingly rough and prickly rope, and from the waist downwards a heavy skirt of coarse black stuff like sackcloth. Thus attired they walked barefoot over the sharp and rugged stones. On their shoulders they bore a bundle of thorny rods, of the length of their outstretched arms. To this bundle of thorns their naked arms and hands extended in the form of a cross were bound, so that if they allowed the weight of the arms to rest on the cords which bound them to the thorns, the sharp points were pressed into their shoulders and the back of the neck, and if they attempted to relieve the shoulders by raising the arms, the thorns were driven into them. Thus they walked along the crooked and uneven streets for the four or five hours that the procession wound its slow and intricate way before it reached the church again. The pain endured is such, that they very commonly faint when released of their

thorny burden. This is, perhaps, due also to disturbance in the circulation of the blood caused by the protracted endurance of such a strained posture.

After the penitents came the Roman soldiers, with torches and lanterns, and clubs, spears and staves; the centurions on prancing horses, with lances and drawn swords; and the drums and *chirimias*: lastly came the image of our Lord, with torn and soiled garments and laden with chains and fetters.

Let it not be imagined that all this is merely a curious and idle show for the thousands of spectators: it is for them a real religious ceremony, which speaks very forcibly to their feelings. This fact is well proved by the behaviour of a good Mexican priest who was witnessing this strange scene. When the image of our Lord passed before him, surrounded by the wild and savage soldiery, two large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he exclaimed: *Así en verdad llevaron al mansísimo Cordero de Dios!* "Thus, indeed, did they lead the most gentle Lamb of God!" He was a man of learning, who had filled important Government positions before embracing the priesthood. He had witnessed many a desperate struggle, and himself had gone through many a hair-breadth escape of his life in the troubled times of revolution which have so long afflicted his native land. The procession, which had started between six and seven in the evening, ended about midnight.

On the night of Maundy Thursday, the candles burning before the Blessed Sacrament, where It is deposited for the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday, were blessed with a special blessing, called the blessing of St. Dimas, the priest who performs the ceremony using a crucifix, not representing our Lord, but the Good Thief. It seems that this is the only occasion besides the feast of the Purification or Candlemas on which candles can be blessed.

On Good Friday morning the full ceremonies of the Church were performed with all solemnity; and after them, when the heat of the sun was greatest, there was another procession, in which besides six or eight rigorous penitents, like the ones described before, there was a great number of men carrying crosses, some of which were of great size and weight, being made of the exceedingly heavy woods which abound in that neighbourhood, many of which do not float in water. In the evening of Good Friday there is a procession of the Burial of our Lord, and late at night a silent procession called of the

Soul of our Blessed Lady. In this one only women took part. More than two thousand of them, all dressed in black and carrying lighted wax candles, accompanied an image of Our Lady of Sorrows in absolute silence.

On Holy Saturday, at the moment the *Gloria in excelsis Deo* is intoned, besides the ringing of bells and the playing of the organ and of all sorts of musical instruments, innumerable fire-works are let off all over the town, burning Judas in effigy. This is a universal practice all over Mexico, and there is not a boy who on the morning of Holy Saturday has not a Judas with a cracker or squib round his neck to be burned when the bells of the church ring out at the *Gloria*.

In the procession of the Resurrection every available image is made to take part, and the people from the surrounding villages flock to the parish priest to ask leave to bring their images to join in the procession, and when it has been granted they next require the permission of the municipal authorities of Tasco, who invariably refuse it unless the written petition has received the sanction and signature of the parish priest.

It should be remarked that all these ceremonies are not confined exclusively to Tasco, though there and at Iguala they seem to be performed most completely. In other towns and villages a part of the Holy Week ceremonies is carried out, and it is worthy of notice that everywhere the same order is followed and the same names are given to the processions, from which it may be inferred that these are not merely local devotions and observances, but that they form part of a general scheme of instruction, probably devised and established originally by the early Spanish missionaries. It is often difficult to discover the *raison d'être* of some of the ceremonies, and of the names given to them; and though everybody seems to know the exact order for the whole of Holy Week, no one can give a reason for the less obvious ones. At the beginning of the week, on the Monday or Tuesday, there is a procession called that of St. Nicholas, and it is not easy to see the immediate connection between St. Nicholas and the Passion of our Lord, unless it be that St. Nicholas, being a model of penance, is invoked to obtain the necessary spirit of mortification in the contemplation of our Lord's sufferings. It would be an interesting and instructive study, to investigate the origin of all these ceremonies, for many of which, as for the blessing of candles of St. Dimas, there are appropriate prayers granted by the Church.

During all Holy Week no strong drink of any kind is sold in the whole of Tasco, and even a bottle of wine is not to be had for love or money. This rule is kept most strictly, and under very severe penalties.

Thus these simple people keep up the traditions and customs which have been handed down to them probably from the time of the early Spanish missionaries. They seem to afford several lessons which may be studied with advantage: their firm adherence to their faith and traditions in spite of the severe persecution of their rulers; their self-sacrifice in paying the heavy fines which are the price they have to pay to keep up their old religious observances; their great spirit of mortification and their want of human respect in enduring in public such severe and protracted penances. No doubt the ones that suffer them are those that are least deserving of punishment; and if the voluntary expiation of the righteous is so very acceptable to God, as a learned and pious writer<sup>1</sup> of the beginning of this century believes, it may be hoped that their sacrifices will appease the anger of God against their unfortunate country, so long a prey to anarchy and misrule, and so fast falling into the snares of irreligion and impiety.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph de Maistre, *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg*, 9me. Entretien, and *Eclaircissement sur les sacrifices*, chap. iii. vol. ii. pp. 139 and 389.

### *The Origin of Cultivated Plants.*

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IN the beginning of this century, very little was known concerning the origin of our cultivated plants, and the question had not yet excited, even among botanists, any great interest. Indeed, the question seems to have appeared in the eyes of Alexander von Humboldt as quite insoluble, for he wrote in 1807: "The origin, the first home of the plants most useful to man, and which have accompanied him from the remotest epochs, is a secret as impenetrable as the dwelling of all our domestic animals. . . . We do not know what region produced spontaneously wheat, barley, oats, and rye. The plants which constitute the natural riches of all the inhabitants of the tropics, the banana, the papaw, the manioc, and maize, have never been found in a wild state. The potato presents the same phenomenon."<sup>1</sup>

In those days, the origin of cultivated plants was truly, as Humboldt said, an impenetrable secret. Botany had only just entered a new era by the discovery of the natural method of classification, and its far-reaching applications still remained to be worked out and developed by the exertions of modern botanists. Increased facilities for travelling in all parts of the world in our own times greatly contributed towards a solution of the problem. Besides Europe, British India, China, Asia Minor, Africa, New Zealand, Australia, North and South America, the Arctic and Antarctic regions were explored, revealing to botanists treasures unknown to their scientific ancestors. The immortal Linnæus only knew and described 8,551 species of plants. At the beginning of this century, Parsoon, in his *Synopsis Plantarum*, describes about 20,000 flowering plants, to which we may add nearly 6,000 species of cryptogams known in his day. In 1819, de Candolle began the second edition of his *Théorie-élémentaire de la Botanique* by these words: "30,000 espèces de végétaux différents sont

<sup>1</sup> *Essai sur la Géographie des Plantes*, p. 28.



connues aujourd'hui sur la surface du globe." In 1846, Dr. Lindley acknowledged about 81,000 flowering plants. To-day the number of such plants amounts to nearly 120,000, and more than 25,000 cryptogams have been enumerated, but these are, no doubt, at least as numerous in nature as flowering plants. Again, the geographical distribution of plants had to be sufficiently understood, before a solution of the problem could be arrived at. Humboldt's creative genius gave us the first outlines of that new branch of botany, but it only attained its adequate form in 1855, when Mr. Alphonse de Candolle, the illustrious botanist of Geneva, published his fundamental work, *La Géographie Botanique raisonnée*. In this epoch-making book, a chapter was given to the question of the origin of cultivated plants. But since 1855 important facts have been discovered by travellers, botanists, and archæologists. Instead of publishing a second edition, the author preferred drawing up an entirely new work, which should treat of the origin of all plants cultivated, either on a large scale for economic purposes, or in orchards and kitchen-gardens. It is of this new work of Mr. de Candolle that we wish to give a short account in these pages.<sup>2</sup>

Out of the innumerable forms of vegetable life which cover the earth, it is surprising to see how few, after all, have become permanently used by man in a systematic manner. After long research and study, Mr. de Candolle has found that 247 species of plants are cultivated on a large scale by agriculturists or in kitchen-gardens and orchards, leaving out a few which are rarely cultivated or but little known, or of which the culture has been abandoned. Out of these 247 species, 199 have been furnished by the Old World, 45 by America, and 3 are still uncertain. "Probably," says our author, "the number of plants suitable for fodder, and of forest trees which can live in hot dry countries will be increased. The additions will not be numerous in temperate climates, nor especially in cold regions. From these data and reflections it is probable that at the end of the nineteenth century, men will cultivate on a large scale and for use about 300 species. This is a small proportion of the 120,000 or 140,000 species of the vegetable kingdom; but in the animal world, the proportion of creatures subject to the will of man is far smaller. There are not perhaps more than

<sup>2</sup> *Origin of Cultivated Plants.* By Alphonse de Candolle. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1884.

200 species of domestic animals—that is, reared for our use—and the animal kingdom reckons millions of species. In the great class of mollusca, the oyster alone is cultivated, and in that of the articulata, which counts ten times more species than the vegetable kingdom, we can only name the bee and two or three silk-producing insects. Doubtless the number of species of animals and vegetables which may be reared or cultivated for pleasure or curiosity is very large: witness menageries and zoological and botanical gardens, but I am only speaking here of useful plants and animals in general and customary employment.”<sup>3</sup>

Now some of the most eminently useful out of those 247 plants are also of most ancient cultivation, not a few, according to the best authorities, having been actually cultivated by man at least for the last four thousand years. Such is the case, for instance with rice (*oryza sativa*), barley (*hordeum dystichon*), wheat (*triticum vulgare*), the bean (*faba vulgaris*), the fig (*figus carica*), the olive (*olea Europea*), the apple (*pyrus malus*), the pear (*pyrus communis*), the peach (*amygdalus Persica*), the almond (*amygdalus communis*), the pomegranate (*punica granatum*), the vine (*vitis vinifera*), the hemp (*cannabis sativa*), the flax (*linum augustifolium*), the tea plant (*thea Sinensis*), the cabbage (*brassica oleracea*), the onion (*allium cepa*), the turnip (*brassica rapa*), the radish (*raphanus sativus*), and several others.

In respect to the radish, Dr. Bretschneider reports from Peking that the species is mentioned in the *Ryd*, a work of the year 1100 B.C. The monuments of ancient Egypt have supplied us, as is well known, with many precious facts on these questions, and lately again Dr. Schweinfurth, the learned German traveller, has published an important work on the vegetable remains found in the tombs of Egyptian kings and potentates.<sup>4</sup> Now, among the 46 species determined by Dr. Schweinfurth and found in some of the oldest sepulchres, we have the pomegranate, the vine, the bean, the olive, the fig, barley and wheat. It is interesting to remark that, owing to the favourable conditions of Egyptian sepulchres, vegetable remains are often found almost as well preserved as the specimens of our old herbaria. When put into warm water the flowers regain their natural form, as if they had only been dried a few weeks ago; many have even preserved their brilliant colours. In one

<sup>3</sup> *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, pp. 453, 454.

<sup>4</sup> *Berichte der Deutschen Botanische Gesellschaft*, lib. ii. p. 351, 1884.

instance it has been possible to obtain a fine dissolution of chlorophyll from the leaves of a water melon. When the embalmers of ancient Egypt adorned the bodies of the dead with garlands of flowers and placed wreaths upon their heads, they little suspected that they were supplying to a later age the means of solving some of the most difficult problems of geographical botany!<sup>5</sup>

Mr. de Candolle notices the preponderance of the Old World in the number of species (199) it has supplied for cultivation. Some countries have supplied none. For instance, we have no cultivated plants from the Arctic or Antarctic regions, where, it is true, the floras consist of but few species. The United States, in spite of their vast territory, only yield as nutritious plants worth cultivating the Jerusalem artichoke and the gourds. The *madia* (*madia sativa*) is indigenous in Chili, but, according to Asa Gray, it is indigenous also in California.<sup>6</sup> Patagonia and the Cape have not furnished a single species. Australia and New Zealand have furnished one tree, *Eucalyptus globulus*, and a vegetable not very nutritious, the *tetragonia*. Their floras were entirely wanting in gramineæ similar to the cereals, in leguminous plants with edible seeds, in cruciferae with fleshy roots. In the most tropical region of Australia rice has been found wild, or perhaps naturalized, but the greater part of the country suffers too much from drought to allow these species to become widely diffused. "In short," remarks Mr. de Candolle, "the original distribution of cultivated species was very unequal."

By "cultivated species" our author means, of course, those species which are capable of being profitably cultivated. Botany teaches us, therefore, that a very great majority of the useful plants that existed on the face of the earth from the remotest historical epoch (and even from pre-historic times for some of them at least), were to be found originally in the Old World, particularly in Eastern, Western, and Central Asia. Now, the most modern

<sup>5</sup> In vol. xxi. p. 25, of the *Journal of the Linnean Society*, August, 1884, Mr. C. F. White, F.L.S., gives an interesting account of some pollen derived from the funeral garlands from the coffin of the Egyptian Princess Nzi Khounson of the twenty-first dynasty, about B.C. 1000. This pollen of a common poppy (*papaver rhoeas*) is so well preserved that Mr. White is able to say: "The grains of normal size and shape are not only larger but more regular in their markings—certainly cleaner and brighter in colour than some that I have endeavoured to preserve on slides for the microscope, collected only a few years ago."

<sup>6</sup> In Watson, *Bot. of California*, i. p. 359.

researches tend unanimously to place the cradle of mankind in that same region of the Old World, and history shows how many of the useful plants indigenous there were transplanted by the agency of man to the various parts of the world to which he afterwards migrated. To men who profess to ignore the relations of Nature to its Supreme Cause, the coincidence just pointed out may appear accidental and unmeaning, but we believe that it will be otherwise with those who acknowledge the Providence of Him in whom all life lives and moves and has its being.

We cannot speak too highly of the principles and method by means of which Mr. de Candolle has established his conclusions concerning the origin of cultivated plants. Here, as he himself remarks, the naturalist is no longer in his ordinary domain of observation and description; he must support himself by historical proof, and thus use methods of which some are foreign to naturalists, others to persons versed in historical learning. Botany itself will of course supply important data, but they must be carefully studied and verified from other sources to avoid all chance of deception.

Archæology and Palæontology are required to give direct evidence of the existence of a particular species in ancient times in a particular country. We have already alluded to the previous facts brought to light by Dr. Schweinfurth in Egypt. Facts no less important have been revealed by a careful examination of the deposits in the Swiss lake-dwellings, in the tufa of the South of France, and in the lakes or peat-mosses of Switzerland, Savoy, Germany, and Italy. It is remarkable that the kitchen-middens of the Scandinavian countries have furnished no trace of cultivated vegetables.

History is the next source of information, but here again the greatest caution is required, for most of the ancient historians confused the fact of the cultivation of a species in a country with that of its previous existence there in a wild state. Even in our own days, a species cultivated in America or China is said to be a native of America or China. But this does not in the least follow. Neither is it more logical to conclude that a certain plant is a native of a given country because it happened to come to our own land from that country. Yet such mistakes are not at all unfrequent. The Greeks and Romans called the peach the Persian apple because they had seen it cultivated in Persia. But the peach is a native of

China.<sup>7</sup> On the other hand, they called the pomegranate the Carthaginian apple (*malum punicum*), because it was particularly cultivated in Mauritania. Yet we know the pomegranate to be a native of Persia, Afghanistan, and Beluchistan. Philology also must play an important part in the elucidation of the questions bearing upon the origin of cultivated plants, in spite of the many absurd popular names which have from time to time been applied to certain species. Mr. de Candolle gives a few amusing instances of those unbotanical appellations:

In French, *blé de turquie*, maize, is a plant which is not a wheat and which comes from America; in English, Jerusalem artichoke (*Heli-anthus tuberosus*) does not come from Jerusalem and is no artichoke. A number of names given to foreign plants by Europeans when they settled in the colonies express false or insignificant analogies. For instance, the *New Zealand flax* resembles the true flax as little as possible; it is merely that a textile substance is obtained from its leaves. The mahogany apple (*cashew*) of the French West India Isles is not an apple, nor even the fruit of a pomaceous tree, and has nothing to do with mahogany.

Sometimes the common names have changed, in passing from one language to another, in such a manner as to give a false or absurd meaning. Thus, the tree of Judæa, of the French (*cercis siliquastrum*), has become the Judas tree in English. The fruit called by the Mexicans *ahuaca*, is become the Avocat (*lawyer*) of the French colonists. Several common names have been transferred from one plant to another through error or ignorance. Thus the confusion made by early travellers between the sweet potato (*convolvulus batatas*) and the potato (*solanum tuberosum*), has caused the latter to be called *potato* in English and *patatas* in Spanish.<sup>8</sup>

We may therefore well conclude with our author that if modern civilized peoples, who enjoy so many facilities for verifying statements and identifying names, have nevertheless been

<sup>7</sup> The cultivation of the peach in China dates from the remotest antiquity, and this fruit is the object in that country of many old and curious legends and superstitions. Mr. de Candolle, quoting from Rose, a French resident in Canton, who has collected many of them out of Chinese manuscripts, says: "The Chinese believe the oval peaches which are very red on one side to be a symbol of a long life. In consequence of this ancient belief, peaches are used in all ornaments in painting and sculpture, and in congratulatory presents, &c. According to the works of Chin-Nong-King, the peach *Yu* prevents death. If it is not eaten in time, it at least preserves the body from decay until the end of the world. The peach is always mentioned among the fruits of immortality, with which were entertained the hopes of Tsinchi-Hoang, Vouty, of the Hans and other Emperors who pretended to immortality, &c."

<sup>8</sup> *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, p. 20.

betrayed into such mistakes, there is every reason to expect that ancient nations have committed many and still more serious errors. Yet in spite of its inevitable drawbacks, Philology often throws much light upon the origin of plants, and in some instances is the only historical evidence to be had. The philological argument by which Mr. de Candolle has tracked the horse-radish back to its home in Eastern temperate Europe is a good specimen of his method, and will be read with interest :

*Cochlearia armoracia* is a plant belonging to the temperate and especially to the eastern regions of Europe. It is diffused from Finland to Astrakhan, and to the desert of Cuman. Grisebach mentions also several localities in Turkey in Europe, near Enos, for instance, where it abounds on the sea-shore.

The further we advance towards the West of Europe, the less the authors of floras appear sure that the plant is indigenous, and the localities assigned to it are more scattered and doubtful. The species is rarer in Norway than in Sweden, in the British Isles than in Holland, where a foreign origin is not attributed to it.

The specific names confirm the impression of its origin in the East rather than in the West of Europe; thus the name *chren* in Russia recurs in all the Slavonic languages, *krenai* in Lithuanian, *chren* in Illyrian, &c. It has introduced itself into a few German dialects, round Vienna for instance, where it persists, in spite of the spread of the German tongue. We owe to it also the French names *cran* and *cranson*. The word used in Germany, *meerretig*, and in Holland, *meer-radys*, whence the Italian-Swiss dialect has taken the name *meridi* or *meredi*, means sea-radish, and is not primitive like the word *chren*. . . . The Swedish name *peppar-rot* suggests the idea that the species came into Sweden later than the introduction of pepper by commerce into the North of Europe. However, the name may have taken the place of an older one which has remained unknown to us. The English name of horse-radish is not of such an original nature as to lead to a belief in the existence of the species in the country before the Saxon conquest. It means a very strong radish. The Welsh name *rhuddygl maurth*, is only the translation of the English word, whence we may infer that the Kelts of Great Britain had no special name and were not acquainted with the species. In the west of France, the name *raifort*, which is the commonest, merely means strong root. Formerly it bore in France the names of German or Capuchin mustard, which shows a foreign and recent origin. On the contrary, the word *chren* is in all the Slavonic languages, a word which has penetrated into some German and French dialects under the forms of *kreen*, *cran*, and *cranson*, and which is certainly of a primitive nature, and shows the antiquity of the species in temperate Eastern Europe. It is therefore



most probable that cultivation has propagated and naturalized the plant Westward from the East for about a thousand years.<sup>9</sup>

Thus by combining with admirable erudition and judgment the various archæological, philological, and botanical data which can be obtained in respect to the 247 cultivated species under consideration, Mr. de Candolle has been able to clear most of the hitherto unsolved problems, or to confirm previous opinions, concerning their origin and mode of distribution.

We learn from him that the wheat had its primitive home in the region of the Euphrates, the two-rowed barley in Western temperate Asia, the buckwheat in Central Siberia, the tree-cotton in Upper Egypt, the black and the long pepper in India. The lemon, the bitter orange, the cucumber came also from India. The olive was propagated from Syria, Southern Anatolia and the neighbouring islands; the fig from the territory that extends from Syria to the Canaries, south of the Mediterranean basin; the date-palm from Western Asia and Africa; the banana from Southern Asia; the peach and the apricot from China; the common pear from Asia; the apple from Anatolia, south of the Caucasus; the common cherry from the district comprised between the Caspian and Western Anatolia. The cabbage, with its endless varieties, is of European origin, as appears to be our water-cress, although it is also found native in Northern Asia.

We fear to fatigue the reader by this long enumeration; yet many interesting passages might still be quoted out of this remarkable work. For instance, who would not be interested by the learned pages which treat of the origin of the vine, whose ambrosial juice "gladdens the heart of man." Proofs of the existence of that most ancient of cultivated plants have been found in the lake-dwellings of Castione, near Parma, which date from the age of bronze, in a pre-historic settlement of Lake Varese, and in the lake-dwellings of Wangen, in Switzerland.<sup>10</sup> Even earlier indications have been discovered in the tufa of the south of France. Mr. Adolphe Pictet admits that both Semitic and Aryan nations knew the use of wine, so that they may have introduced it into all the countries into which they migrated—into India, Egypt, and Europe. This they were the better able to do since they found the vine wild in several of these regions.<sup>11</sup> Mr. de Candolle says:

<sup>9</sup> *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, p. 34.

<sup>10</sup> Heer, *Pflanzen der Pfahlbauten*, pp. 24 seq.

<sup>11</sup> Adolphe Pictet, *Origines Indo-Européennes*, ed. 2, vol. i. p. 295—321.



The vine grows wild in the temperate regions of Western Asia, Southern Europe, Algeria, and Morocco. It is especially in the Pontus, in Armenia, to the south of the Caucasus, and of the Caspian Sea, that it grows with the luxuriant wildness of a tropical creeper, clinging to tall trees and producing abundant fruit without pruning or cultivation. . . . The records of the cultivation of the grape and of the making of wine in Egypt go back five or six thousand years. In the West, the propagation of its culture by the Phenicians, Greeks, and Romans is pretty well known, but to the east of Asia it took place at a late period. The Chinese, who now cultivate the vine in their northern provinces, did not possess it earlier than the year 122 B.C.<sup>12</sup>

And shall we say nothing of the hop, so highly valued for the making of beer, in those regions where the vine refuses to grow? The hop is wild in Europe from England and Sweden, as far south as the mountains of the Mediterranean basin, and in Asia as far as Damascus, the south of the Caspian Sea and of Eastern Siberia; also in the east of the United States and in the island of Yezo; but it is not found in India, the north of China, or the basin of the River Amur. There is, we are told, no Sanskrit name for the hop, and this agrees with the absence of the species in Northern India. The first mention of hop-gardens, according to Volz,<sup>13</sup> occurs in an act of donation made by Pepin, father of Charlemagne, in 768. It became an important object of culture in Germany in the fourteenth century, and in England under the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Three cultivated plants have, however, baffled all the efforts of the illustrious botanist.<sup>14</sup> These are the musk gourd (*cucurbita moschata*), cultivated in all tropical countries, which seems never to have been found in a truly wild state; the fig-leaved gourd (*cucurbita ficifolia*), also never discovered wild by any botanist;

<sup>12</sup> *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, pp. 191—194.

<sup>13</sup> Volz, *Beitrage zur Culturgeschichte*, p. 149.

<sup>14</sup> Alluding to these plants, Mr. de Candolle says in his Preface, p. vii: "In the case where these come from regions not completely explored by botanists, or where they belong to genera as yet insufficiently studied, there is hope that the wild plant may be one day discovered. But this hope is fallacious in the case of well-known species and countries. We are here led to form one of two hypotheses. Either these plants have since history began so changed in form in their wild as well as in their cultivated condition, that they are no longer recognized as belonging to the same species, or they are extinct species. The lentil, the chick-pea, probably no longer exist in nature; and other species, as wheat, maize, the broad bean, carthamine, very rarely found wild, appear to be in course of extinction. . . . This destruction of forms must have taken place during the short period of a few hundred centuries, on continents where they might have spread, and under circumstances which are commonly considered unvarying. This shows how the history of cultivated plants is allied to the most important problems of the general history of organized beings."

and lastly, our familiar plant, the common haricot (*phaseolus vulgaris*). There are no signs of the existence of that leguminous plant in the lake-dwellings of Switzerland, nor in Ancient Egypt. Chinese authors do not mention it. It was not known in Rome in Cato's time, and among the several *leguminosæ* found by Virchow in the excavations at Troy, there is no haricot.

Mr. de Candolle thus sums up his conclusions on this vexed question :

1. *Phaseolus vulgaris* has not been long cultivated in India, the south-west of Asia, and Egypt. 2. It is not certain that it was known in Europe before the discovery of America. 3. At this epoch, the number of varieties suddenly increased in European gardens, and all authors commenced to mention them. 4. The majority of the species of the genus exist in South America. 5. Seeds apparently belonging to the species have been discovered in Peruvian tombs of an uncertain date, intermixed with other species, all American.<sup>15</sup>

We have enough already, it would seem, in these conclusions to warrant at least the expression of an opinion. But the author, in presence of the several difficulties still left unsolved, refrains from doing so with characteristic reserve and prudence. It is this truly scientific spirit which gives so much value to the researches contained in this work. However, it would, perhaps, have been still more complete and satisfactory, if Mr. de Candolle had thought proper to favour us at greater length with his own views on the characteristics of so-called native and naturalized forms of plants. He knows perfectly all the morphological, geological, and palæontological difficulties involved in the matter, and, precisely for this, we so much regret his having summarily dismissed as foreign to his purpose a question on which he is qualified to speak with so much authority. In the present state of botanical science, one can no longer speak of a plant as being a native of this or that place, in the absolute sense in which that was once understood. As our author well remarks, nearly all species, especially in the regions lying outside the tropics, have been once naturalized, that is to say, from geographical and physical circumstances, passed from one region to another. This being the case, what do we precisely mean when we say, for instance, that the peach is a *native* of China? Clearly we do not mean that that particular plant sprung up into specific existence for the first time in the history of vegetable life in the country now called China. At most, we

<sup>15</sup> *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, p. 343.

can only mean to say, with many botanists, that the plant is *apparently* aboriginal in that part of a country where it maintains its *habitat* without the aid of man: in other words, that, as far as external appearances go, the plant may have had there its primordial home. To mean more than this, would be to go beyond what is capable of proof. The plant may or may not have originated in China, no matter what theory we adopt in order to explain its first coming into specific existence; but in any case we cannot tell for certain. Experience shows the practical impossibility of knowing in every instance, in the absence of historical or other independent evidence, whether a plant is indigenous or simply naturalized in a particular region. Hence it follows that, for plants which have been cultivated from the remotest period and in a few cases, from pre-historic times, all distinction becomes a matter of mere probability. We may, as Mr. de Candolle prudently does, limit the question by simply concerning ourselves with the examination of each species—since its cultivation, or in the time immediately before it, but then, in that sense, to look for the *origin* of cultivated plants amounts simply to an investigation of the regions where those plants presumably grew freely when man first thought of turning them to practical use. How much time had already elapsed since their arrival, or their development, or their creation in those particular regions; were they then behaving as natives, or were they, at least some of them, only becoming naturalized where we now find them with all the characters of indigenous plants: it seems impossible to tell with anything like certainty, and even positive elements of probability are not always available. If there be any truth in these remarks, it follows that the great value of Mr. de Candolle's researches lies, perhaps, less in all the conclusions to which he has arrived on the origin of our cultivated plants, than in the mass of important and interesting facts concerning them which he has so patiently collected, so keenly analyzed, and so ably presented.

L. MARTIAL KLEIN.

*Professor Drummond on Natural Analogy.*

THE analogy between the various orders of nature is a topic which has an universal attractiveness. Every educated and thoughtful man is interested in the inquiry respecting the prevalence of the same laws in the kingdom of sense and the kingdom of spirit. The development of scientific discovery enlarging and confirming the reign of natural law gives additional importance to the suggested parallelism. We expect to find the same architect following a like plan in the various edifices designed by him ; we look for similarity of arrangement in the mechanism devised by the same constructor, even though there may be considerable variety in the work which that mechanism has to do ; we should be surprised if one and the same Lawgiver did not impose on the different communities for which he legislates a statute book reproducing similar enactments and laws which correspond to each other.

Nor are we disappointed. In the works of the Great Designer and Lawgiver of the Universe such a parallelism certainly exists. The wonderful and beautiful series of analogies between the world of matter and the world of spirit has been the continual theme of the philosopher and the divine. The life of plants and of animals affords unnumbered illustrations of the intellectual and moral life of man. They appeal to us the more forcibly because our human nature furnishes us with a bond of union between the material and the immaterial order, between that which is formed of the mere gross slime of earth and that which belongs to a higher scale of creation and shares the spiritual life of the world invisible. Man is the link between these two orders, and as sharing the nature of both, is able to realize in himself both the illustration drawn from the lower grade of existence and that which it illustrates in the higher and nobler sphere of intellect and will.

But man is more than this. As by nature he unites the material to the immaterial or spiritual, so by grace he unites

the natural to the supernatural order. He is the link between the realm in which God works indeed, but works according to unvarying laws, rewarding, punishing, aiding, preserving, destroying, according to a fixed and constant arrangement, and the realm in which He works, in a method which often seems to us arbitrary, giving, withholding, favouring, assisting, according to His sovereign will and pleasure. Between these two orders there is also a parallelism, and one which it is still more interesting to attempt to trace. In the supernatural world we can talk of the reign of law as well as the natural. It is one in which a closer investigation discovers countless laws unsuspected before. Just as the more we examine into the actions of the individual man, the more we learn that each individual, though free, is nevertheless influenced to an almost indefinite extent by his original nature and surrounding circumstances, so a reverent inquiry into the action of God reveals to us more and more that He, though He gives freely according to His sovereign will, nevertheless gives in accordance with certain laws which seem to determine His Divine actions. God's dealings with men are not exempt from the reign of law, and consequently man's supernatural life exhibits on every side traces of a regular sequence of effect and cause which, while it in no way mars human freedom, yet affords a most interesting study, and teaches many most useful lessons. We may find science in theology as well as theology in science; and the continuity of law, reaching up in the spiritual world, banishes the unworthy conception of merely arbitrary action from our notion of the all-wise Governor of the world.

Yet it must be allowed that the analogy of the material and the supernatural is a topic where he who treads with rash and untrained steps is sure to be led into false conclusions and to find imaginary parallels where no true parallel exists. The arguments from analogy are at the same time most attractive and most deceptive. There is something in our nature which makes us often think we detect a fancied likeness where no true likeness is to be found, and seize with avidity on some unmeaning coincidence, to which we foolishly ascribe a deep and mysterious significance. *Omnis comparatio claudicat* is a proverb men are too prone to forget. The neglect of it is the fruitful source of most mischievous errors, and fallacies almost infinite in number.

A book recently published, and which has attracted consider-

able attention, has suggested to us these remarks. Mr. Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* has already almost reached its fortieth thousand. This is of itself enough to make it of a certain importance. Its popularity proves that it satisfies a want and is in sympathy with the needs of educated men. It is not merely the beauty of its style and brilliancy of expressions that recommends it to its tens of thousands of readers. It suggests many analogies which have never been indicated before, and points to many truths pregnant with practical consequences to the higher life of men.

Yet in spite of its scientific professions and apparently impartial method, it is at the same time a most misleading and a disappointing book. Misleading, because a large proportion of its analogies are overstrained, exaggerated, and sometimes altogether unscientific. Disappointing, because its brilliant, promising, and picturesque style is but the cloak for a series of rapid inferences and shallow and unwarranted conclusions. These are sometimes mere commonplaces dressed up in the finery of scientific and rhetorical language. Sometimes they are altogether at variance with facts, and have no sort of foundation in the supernatural order in which they profess to be realized, and are only saved by the brilliant word-painting and obscure rhetoric which vests them from being positively ridiculous. The very mixture of truth and falsehood, fact and fiction, true and false analogy, which runs through the pages of the book, makes it the more liable to lead astray the unwary reader.

The purport of the book is to trace out in detail in the supernatural order certain scientific laws which have been lately brought into prominence by the scientists of our day. The laws which regulate phenomena are applied rigorously to the life of the soul, and are found to prevail there in a most literal identity. Biogenesis, or the Production of Life, Development, Conformity to Type, Life, Death, Parasitism, nay, Evolution itself, are forced in some shape or other on man's relations to God. We say forced, because the author is not satisfied with a mere suggestion of analogies, partially but not wholly realized, but by an unnatural and often perverted explanation of one or other set of phenomena, he reads into the spiritual life the very laws of the scientific world. His book is from first to last quite a typical instance of inexact Thought. The very title is inexact, since Mr. Drummond uses *Spiritual* in the sense of *Supernatural*,

and does not display any consciousness that the two words have a very different meaning.

But this is but a trifle of inexactitude in comparison with his unfair use of the argument for analogy. Analogy is never of any solid value as an argument, as one can find an analogy between any, some at least of any, two sets of circumstances belonging to various orders in nature. Its real value is as an illustration of a truth already proved. When Mr. Drummond employs it thus in its proper place, we follow him with grateful recognition of his vivid portraying of practical and useful truths. Such an instance we find in his illustration of pseudo-Christianity from a well-known phenomenon of the natural world.

Recent botanical and entomological researches have made science familiar with what is termed *mimicry*. Certain organisms in one kingdom assume, for purposes of their own, the outward form of organisms belonging to another. This curious hypocrisy is practised both by plants and animals, the object being to secure some personal advantage, usually safety, which would be denied were the organism always to play its part in Nature *in propria persona*. Thus the *ceroxylus laceratus* of Borneo has assumed so perfectly the disguise of a moss-covered branch as to evade the attack of insectivorous birds; and others of the walking-stick insects and leaf butterflies practise similar deceptions with great effrontery and success. It is a startling result of the indirect influence of Christianity, or of a spurious Christianity, that the religious world has come to be populated—how largely one can scarce venture to think with mimetic species. In a few cases, probably, this is a conscious deception. In many doubtless it is induced, as in *ceroxylus*, by the desire for *safety*. But in a majority of instances it is the natural effect of the prestige of a great system upon those who, coveting its benedictions, yet fail to understand its true nature, or decline to bear its profounder responsibilities (pp. 392, 393).

This is an excellent illustration, but the moment we turn it into an argument it tells against the very thesis it professes to prove. For if we press it too closely, we observe that the living animal gains its safety from professing to be something without life. It is the feigning to be a mere dead stick that brings safety to the *ceroxylus laceratus*. This, if it proves anything at all, would be an encouragement to Christian men to disown their Christianity and seek to degrade themselves to a lower type in order to avoid the dangers which Christianity



brings with it. It would be an inducement to one who believes in God to counterfeit the appearance of an unbeliever whenever his belief exposes him to any peril.

A good example of the same sort of fallacy, which runs through the whole of the book so far as it is designed as a method of proof, occurs in the chapter on Biogenesis. The argument is that just as in the natural world science pronounces against spontaneous generation as a discredited heresy, so there can be no spontaneous generation of the Christian life within the soul of man.

In the dim but not inadequate vision of the spiritual world, presented in the Word of God, the first thing that strikes the eye is a great gulf fixed. The passage from the natural world to the spiritual world is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut, no mineral can open it; so the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut, and no man can open it. This world of natural men is staked off from the spiritual world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with the attribute of spiritual life. The spiritual world is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of biogenesis; *except a man be born again, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter the Kingdom of God* (p. 71).

Here, again, the illustration is an admirable one, and we admit a sort of analogy without hesitation. But, like all analogies, it misleads as soon as we begin to work it out as an argument. Let us see in what direction it will lead us. The parallel is this: as in the material world life can only be communicated from without, so in the spiritual world. As no internal development from within can generate natural life where it did not exist before, so no internal development can generate supernatural life where it was previously absent. So far so good. But if life is not generated from within in the natural order, it is generated, by the law of Reproduction, from some objects already endowed with it. From the living plant a new plant of the same species as the parent plant is formed; from the living father and mother the living offspring belongs to the same species as its parent animals. Hence, if our parallel is to hold good, supernatural life can only be communicated to the human soul by another human soul or human souls already possessing it. Conversion can only be effected by the converted

themselves generating the divine life for their spiritual offspring. The grace of God breathing life into the soul which was dead before, is replaced, according to the law of Biogenesis, by spiritual fathers and mothers acting in the supernatural order.

But if the argument for analogy proves too much, or rather, proves nothing at all, it has the questionable advantage of affording facilities to the adroit manipulator which a sounder argument would not supply. In fact it can be made to prove, or to appear to prove, anything at all. It has, moreover, the power of painting on the imagination of the reader a picture which helps to impress the lesson which is to be learned, and at the same time of diverting his mind from its utter sophistry. In the two chapters on semi-Parasitism and Parasitism, an excellent description is given of the hermit crab, and a little animal called the *sacculina*, who exhibit various degrees of degeneracy by reason of their sacrificing their independence in order to find shelter and food at the least possible trouble to themselves. After the picture has been elaborately drawn, these two degenerate specimens of their kind are compared to those who become intellectually and morally degenerate because they accept a dogmatic religion ready made instead of themselves seeking after truth. Of course the animus of the writer is directed chiefly against the dogmatic infallibility of Rome, but he manifests at the same time a hearty dislike for all dogmatic religion whatever. While professing himself a Theist and a Christian, he is really neither the one nor the other, since that he refuses to allow any sort of dogma except that which the individual has hunted out for himself. "It is more necessary," he says plainly, "to be active than to be orthodox. Better an aberrant theology than a suppressed organization! Better a little faith dearly won, better launched alone on the infinite bewilderment of Truth, than perish on the splendid plenty of the richest creeds."<sup>1</sup> What else is this than saying, Better to be an atheist on your own account than a devout believer on the strength of God's revelation accepted with the child-like simplicity of unquestioning faith! In fact, Mr. Drummond, in spite of all his pious talk about eternal life, and the beauty of holiness, and the spirit of Christ, and conversion to the life of grace, is nothing else in reality than a teacher of scepticism, who hides his independence under Scriptural phrases and unctuous phraseology. He talks about faith, but has no

<sup>1</sup> *Natural Law*, pp. 364, 365.

more idea of what faith really is than he has of what is meant by the supernatural life. We are compelled to add rather reluctantly, that he is a good deal of the charlatan as well as of the sceptic. A man who can utilize a little scientific knowledge to dress up under an elaborate display of learning and showy rhetoric a series of shallow fallacies and analogies obviously misleading, can scarcely be supposed to impart a very strong confidence in his honesty. We do not deny that his comparisons are in some cases wonderfully ingenious, but it is their very ingenuity which makes the employment of them as persuasive arguments so discreditable in one of his thoughtfulness and ability.

We use this language reluctantly, because alongside of what is false and misleading there is in the book so much that is true and instructive. In some of the earlier chapters theological truths are illustrated most happily, and the analogy which illustrates them is drawn out in vivid and forcible language, and with a power of expression which has done much towards rendering it deservedly popular. For instance, in the chapter on Growth, the life of grace (or Christ Life, as Mr. Drummond terms it) is distinguished from a life of mere morality. Each has its own principle of growth—

The one is natural and the other mechanical. The one is a growth, the other an accretion. Now this according to modern biology, is the fundamental distinction between the living and the not living, between an organism and a crystal. The living organism grows, the dead crystal increases. The first grows vitally from within, the last adds new particles from the outside. The whole difference between the Christian and the moralist lies here. The Christian works from the centre, the moralist from the circumference. The one is an organism in the centre of which is planted by the living God a living germ. The other is a crystal, very beautiful it may be; but only a crystal—it wants the vital principle of growth (p. 128).

In the chapter on Environment, principles are put forward which would lead Mr. Drummond a good deal farther than he would care to go if he carried them out to their legitimate conclusion. Environment is the sum of the conditions amid which an organism, material or spiritual, lives. Environment in science is a prime factor of variation. A seagull fed on grain diet in captivity gradually had its stomach, normally adapted to a fish diet, transformed into the gizzard of an

ordinary grain feeder. A certain green parrot from Brazil changes to red or yellow when fed on the fat of certain fishes. Similarly a man's spiritual life varies enormously with his environment, its health or disease, growth or decay, being modified to an almost indefinite extent by the circumstances in which religious habits are cultivated or the food on which his soul is fed. Without a suitable environment the soul is like the fish without the water, the animal ~~frame~~ without the extrinsic conditions of vitality. Hence

The cardinal error in the religious life is to attempt to live without an environment. Spiritual experience occupies itself, not too much, but too exclusively, with one factor—the soul. We delight in dissecting this much tortured faculty from time to time, in search of a certain something which we call our faith—forgetting that faith is but an attitude, an empty hand for grasping and environing presence. And when we feel the need of a power by which to overcome the world, how often do we not seek to generate it within ourselves by some forced process, some fresh girding of the will, some trained activity which only leaves the soul in further exhaustion? To examine ourselves is good; but useless unless we also examine environment. To bewail our weakness is right, but not remedial. The cause must be investigated as well as the result. And yet, because we never see the other half of the problem, our failures even fail to instruct us. After each new collapse we begin our life anew, but on the old conditions; and the attempt ends as usual in the repetition—in the circumstance the inevitable repetition of the old disaster (pp. 265, 266).

Now one of the main causes of the fading away of religion in a Protestant community is the absence of environment, or at all events of an environment which can sustain the life of the soul. All is cold and bleak and dreary. The soul has not her proper food, and consequently her life becomes feeble and too often altogether departs from her. It is all very well to say that the "spiritual environment is God," but it must be God manifesting Himself by means suited to sustain the weakness and supply the varied needs of human nature. In the Catholic Church these wants are supplied. Holy Mass, Holy Communion, the Tribunal of Penance, the symbols of sacred things in visible form around, the beauty of her ritual, the Communion of Saints embodied in Catholic devotion to our Lady and the other Saints, are an environment which feeds the soul. Without them it becomes enfeebled and unable to maintain a vigorous life amid the poisonous atmosphere of the world, too often unable

to maintain its life at all. This dependence on our environment Mr. Drummond acknowledges as long as it suits his purpose. But when it points towards the Catholic Church he brings in a very different illustration, and calls such a dependence on external things "parasitism."

Every reader of the *Dialogues* of Plato, or of the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, will remember how ingeniously Socrates turned and twisted on the argument from analogy to prove anything he chose. By a series of ingeniously selected illustrations he proves over and over again, first one statement, and then the contradictory of it, with equal facility. This is exactly the system pursued by the author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. He tries to make us forget the important fact that Analogy, or Socratic induction, has no value whatever as a logical argument. If Bishop Butler's *Analogy of Religion* has the weight of solid reasoning, it is because its object is (as Dean Mansel has pointed out) to show that, as in nature the existence of difficulties must be admitted to form no logical argument against its reality, so in religion the existence of similar difficulties does not disprove its Divine origin.<sup>2</sup> Analogy, though serviceable as furnishing an answer to the objection, is destitute of all logical force as a constructive argument. It will recommend itself to those who are already believers in the system it is intended to establish, but it is valueless as a positive argument to prove the truth of any system whatever. When, moreover, it is used in the unscrupulous fashion in which Mr. Drummond employs it, it is worse than valueless. It is misleading and mischievous in the extreme.

<sup>2</sup> Mansel's *Logic*, p. 229.

### *Chicot the Second.*

I HOPE that there are few among us, young or old, who, now perchance weighed down with graver cares, or wearied out of interest in the living things which once were in our childish eyes so dear and beautiful, can truly say that they have never found companionship and solace in some one out of the great multitude around us which are called the brute creation. It may have been that big-eyed Newfoundland or boisterous rough-haired mongrel, the schoolgirl's cage of twittering canaries, or boyhood's first surreptitiously-procured tame rat, or good grey pony; whatever it is, it is there—the companionship of animals sought after by the boy, the love of pets, in half maternal fashion, in the girl, this last continuing in after life, perhaps, as that oft sneered at “old maid's” tabby or pampered pug—but a good, true, human instinct all the same, as says our own Ruskin, that a man must be lover of horse or dog, or he can be no true knight.

“And of all essential things in a gentleman's bodily and mortal training, this is really the beginning—that he should have close companionship with the horse, the dog, and the eagle. Of all birthrights and bookrights, this is his first. . . He needn't know how to read, or to write his own name. But he *must* have horse, dog, and eagle for friends.”

There is a little grave in my old home now, under shady laurel trees and with a solid stone at its head, where, long before I came there, the “boy” of a former generation had buried his favourite dog. I never, in this life, met that boy; but I used to think of him and his lost pet, and wonder, in childish fashion, whether he was sorry to leave the little bit of ground with its mimic headstone, once so carefully tended, and whether he still remembered his faithful companion; and when my own little bright-faced, long-haired, silken ball of fluffy hair, leaping up to my side as we drove swiftly down the road one day, slipped before the wheel and was crushed under it, we took him home

and buried him in the same place, with the same headstone, and made it "Bijou's Grave."

We had many other pets before and since, but the last and best of all was—Chicot! And who was Chicot? Chicot the Great was, about three hundred years ago or thereabouts, the favourite Court jester or fool of his most gracious Majesty Henri the Third of France; as he who runs may read, in the pages of Alexandre Dumas, or the equally veracious ones of history. Chicot the less was, as in the pages of domestic history he was once described, "an incubus, a torment, a delight, an incessant nightmare on one's mind, yet one which we would on no consideration whatever get rid of, such is our weakness for Mr. Chicot—*maccacus—cynamolgus!* otherwise, a monkey!"

He was not the first of his race to find a shelter under our roof. There was a black-faced "Cupid," who played all manner of tricks, and was the terror of the unwary, pouncing suddenly upon them from house-leads or tree-branches, until consigned at length, by superior authority, to what was euphemistically termed *another hemisphere*. And there were a pair of tiny marmosets, who scampered over our furniture and frisked up on bookshelves, and nestled in our arms, or perched like birds upon our wrists and surveyed the world beyond with keen, bright, restless eyes, shivering through two or three winters beside a northern fire, and finally dying during our absence from home—the little wife of cold or consumption, and the husband of grief at her loss.

But these were monkeys, and only monkeys, nothing more; whereas our Chicot...? Verily and indeed we believed him to have *something human* in his composition!

Now he came to us in this wise. After conducting to a successful termination sundry negotiations with the possessor of "a tame monkey, as small as a toy terrier," according to the description of his owner, we received a letter one morning to the effect that he would be forwarded to us per passenger train on the following day. Accordingly, the box containing Mr. Chicot and all his worldly goods, consisting of a very long chain, a bit of blanket, and half an apple, duly arrived next evening. All eagerness for a first sight of our new pet, we began with chisel and hammer to lift the nailed-down lid; but our work was light, for on the first raising of one corner, a black, sinewy, *human-looking* hand slipped out; there was a wrench—a leap! and to my horror I found myself tightly clasped round



the neck by what seemed, in the darkness and my fright, a *very large-sized* monkey! Nor would any inducement prevail on him to loose his hold; he clung to me like grim death, and the whole of that evening did I sit meekly still, fearing to move lest I should be bitten, and not daring to eat my dinner, until an *extempore* cage was knocked up out of an old box and some wire netting, and he was coaxed into it for the night. From that moment Master Chicot held the same position as—what Mr. Southey has somewhere described as that which no household should be without—"a kitten rising six weeks, or a baby rising three years." Now this remark had stuck in my brain for a very long time, partly from the fact that I could not for the life of me make out on which side of the six weeks or three years the said kitten and baby ought to be; but as Mons. Chicot came into the house I instinctively felt that here were *our* kitten and baby rolled into one!

We were never allowed to forget his presence for a moment; if we did so, the results were disastrous! To say that he was *mischievous* is but a mild term for the constant effects of his achievements. Chained tightly down to a ring by our bedroom fire, he would sit on the fender, as good as gold, playing like a child with bits of rag, and glass, and buttons, and anything unbreakable we could provide for him, as long as some one remained in the room; but only let that vigilant being be called away for one minute, and the work of destruction began! Elongating his body in some marvellous manner to the most unheard-of stretch, every article on the mantel-piece would be thrown down and broken, the paper torn off the walls, the carpet pulled to pieces, the boarding gnawed into splinters, on one occasion the whole washstand and china set dragged down and smashed, and again, when nothing else came handy, a large hole punched in the mortar of the wall, so that bare bricks showed through.

When one returned, perhaps recalled by a sound as of distant thunder, he was invariably found seated in the midst of the *débris*, his hands folded before him, like Topsy's, with an air which seemed to say, "Look at me, I've done *nothing*!" but with all his white teeth showing in a *grin* of fear. Regularly was he beaten, and as regularly did he transgress; sometimes openly, before one's very eyes, with a terrific grin on his face all the time which seemed to say, "I know I shall be beaten for this, but I *can't* resist the temptation!" In fact, so

tender was his conscience, that we invariably knew when Chicot had done anything wrong by his expressive grimace of terror. Often when we came into the room after having left him alone, we found him sitting bolt upright with *the grin* upon his face, and had to look about, saying, "Now, what has Chicot been doing?" until the broken or stolen article was found, when he not infrequently began to squeak out loudly, expectant of a whipping. On the other hand, if we had doubts of his innocence, and wished to find out whether he had been doing anything naughty, we would look fiercely at him, saying in solemn tones, "Chicot, have you done anything *wrong*?" when, if his conscience pleaded guilty, he would immediately grin and cower down, while if innocent he would look up bravely in our faces, jumping about and chattering gleefully.

He read expressions in the most extraordinary manner, his whole face and manner changing as he watched one; cowering under a look of anger, he would quickly try to disarm justice by slipping his little hands confidingly into ours; then, if he caught a relenting look pass over one's face, in an instant all four hands would be clasped in one's own, and the little mouth held up in a perfect agony of appealing chatter.

He had a fixed idea that whenever he was discovered in any wrong-doing some one had *told* of him, and he would occasionally turn upon the suspected party with fiercest rage. For instance, a visitor one morning was sitting talking with me, a hand-bag on her lap, and Mons. Chicot went up to examine it. She did not dare to interfere with his proceedings, so only looked across at me and said, "Oh, don't let him touch my bag!" In one moment he had flown at her in a rage, and I dragged him away by his chain, *roaring*.

We found that he was exceedingly fond of cats, and still more so of kittens, or any small animal that he could fondle; the fatherly instinct being strongly developed amongst his kind, who in a state of nature are accustomed to carry their young on their backs or clinging round their necks, while the mother sports freely about, paying little or no attention to her offspring. When our cat had kittens, we brought one up to Chicot "to see what he would think of it," and were not left long in doubt, for he snatched the little thing away, hugged it in his arms, looked lovingly into its face, and refused all playthings and even food (until hunger grew too strong for him) that he might hide away and keep his kitten safely. When it wanted food, we contrived

to exchange it for another, which he did not mind *as long as it was the same colour*, to wit, a yellowish tawney, just what his own young ones would have been; but on showing him the *third* kitten, a black and white one, he held it up in one hand for a moment, looked curiously at it, and then suddenly and violently flung it to the other end of the room. Evidently the colour did not please him: I imagine that he took it to be a *rat*!

We had another instance of the same paternal instinct in the case of our marmosets, who had a family of young ones while with us; and the little father at once took possession of his infants, carried them off to the top of a high bookcase, and so banged them about with his zealous demonstrations of affection, that they died. It was touching to see the poor little animal's grief as he held up a dead baby in his arms and examined it all over to see *what was the matter with it*, and why it did not move. We could with difficulty get it from him.

But to return to Chicot. His behaviour was often touchingly affectionate, and he would nestle up to us like a child, putting his two arms round our necks, and kissing, with little soft bites, or *cooing*, like a baby, with contentment. I do not know what age he was when we had him, but he must have been very young, and had quite *baby ways* with him—or so we fancied! By-and-bye our baby, after the manner of babies, cut more teeth, and, like most *of his kind*, human or otherwise, was eager to exercise them on surrounding objects; the result whereof was apparent in sundry bleeding wounds and swollen flesh of those among the household whom he least affectioned. One young girl to whom he evinced a special dislike—I believe, simply because she *showed fear* on approaching him—was at one time quite scarred and lacerated with his bites, and visitors began to express fears of entering the house unawares, lest “that dreadful monkey” should be about. And indeed one cannot deny that monkeys, especially those of the larger sort, are “ticklesome customers” to deal with; their nature being thoroughly treacherous and savage, manageable only, if at all, by the utmost determination and fearlessness of demeanour. Master Chicot's rages were sudden and violent, and any one whom he disliked, or did not fear, he would bite quite dangerously, tearing open great gashes in the flesh with his sharp, pointed teeth. Even with ourselves, although usually docile, he would occasionally give a vicious snap, when we always

cowed him instantly by a sharp box on the ears, which prevented further mischief. It is perhaps an instinct with animals, that just as a sick bird or beast is set upon and destroyed by its companions, so the least sign or look of fear shown towards them seems to provoke attack. Unfortunately Mons. Chicot's fangs were too sharp to be harmless to the general public, and it was decided that they must be "snapped" for the better protection of the neighbourhood. So the "vet." was sent for—one of great repute in the neighbourhood, and duly established with his pinchers in the dining room, a man in attendance to hold the patient, strongly chained as usual to an iron ring near the fender. By special request we withdrew from the apartment, and waited, in trembling suspense, for the result. After some time, as no one reappeared, I went to see how they were getting on. As I opened the door I beheld the brave surgeon of horned cattle innumerable standing well up in one corner with a chair in front of him, his assistant cowering in another, and Mons. Chicot, master of the situation, sitting indignantly upon the fender, roaring at them! I went to him and took him on my knee, and received his angry chatter of explanation and resentment, which only just fell short of articulate speech; then, by some coaxing and encouragement all round, I persuaded the "vet." to do his work.

My readers will perhaps wonder at our fondness for so troublesome an animal, and question why we did not weary of his pranks and "get rid of him." Well, once we did try to do so, and the result was as follows: We were moving to another house at some distance off, and wished to be relieved for a time of the beloved "incubus"; so Mons. Chicot was offered, as a valuable loan, to a friend who was even more devoted to monkeys than ourselves—in fact, to the well-known naturalist, Mr. Frank Buckland. So Chicot departed to that happy refuge for animals, and we went on packing, congratulating ourselves upon the home we had secured for our pet, where he would have the society of his own kind, and be far, far happier than with us. Alas! before many days were over we had a letter from Chicot's happy possessor. The animal had been perfectly unmanageable, had fought all the other petted darlings, destroyed valuable papers, refused to be happy, or comfortable, or caged, or anything that a monkey ought to be, and had finally, in despair, been sent off to the "Zoo," whence we might claim him if we wished. Well, we could not

have the heart to leave him there, so off we sped to that famous monkey house which has been, and still is, the delight of so many generations of Londoners. There they were, all the great, hideous, hairy creatures, bouncing and rattling and clutching and rolling in the big cages which seem like small whirlpools of perpetual movement, with their frailer or more dainty brethren in smaller cages round the room. The keeper took us to one of these, tenanted, like all the rest, by a single monkey—*not our Chicot?* We positively did not recognize him at first. He lay at full length on his prison floor, beating the ground savagely with his tail in measured strokes, and grinning defiance at every one. "We've done all we could to tame him," said the kind keeper, "but he is quite savage!" "No, he is not savage," I answered, "he is simply terrified. Let me have him!" The man opened the cage, and we took him out—took him, limp and unresisting, scarcely recognizing us, away. He was going to be destroyed that night, they said, as "hopeless"; we had come but just in time.

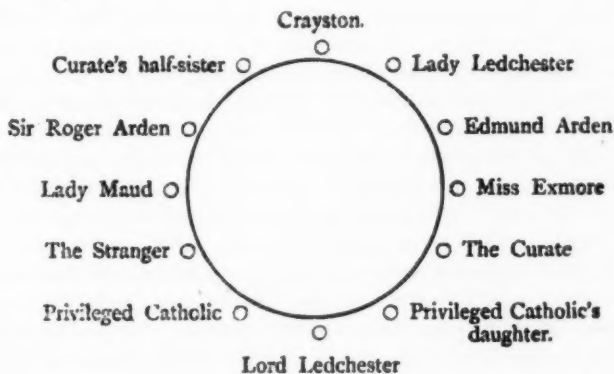
Poor little Chicot! He had been *scared* by his strange surroundings to the verge of madness; and it was touching to see how, as he drove along in the "Hansom," in our arms, he began by degrees to look around him, and sit upright, and then, with a little chuckle of satisfaction, laid all his four hands in ours. In a few hours he had become his old bright self again; but that day's work had at least temporarily solved the question whether Chicot and we should part. He never, so far as I know, set eyes upon one of his own kind again, and he journeyed with us across the seas; but we eventually found him another home with some quiet, animal-loving folks, who kept him warm in their kitchen, and treated him, as he expected to be treated, "like one of the family"—and his end is unknown to fame!

T. L. L. TEELING.

## *The Lady of Raven's Combe.*

### CHAPTER VIII.

MR. CRAYSTON'S dinner-table was a round one, and this was how they sat :



Crayston had a way of stimulating conversation at his own table by making it general at first ; "because," as he said, "if you start your guests on a common subject, and retire from it when they begin to digress, you will have set them going on their own account, and they will go on of themselves. Most people in England are shy without knowing it, but when you have set them off they go ahead. If you can make them seem to start of their own accord, so much the better. It makes them believe in their own colloquiality, and the first condition of success is that. You should reverse the principle of revolutionary leaders. *They* lead by walking conspicuously in front of the moving mass ; but you must be like the wire-puller—set the thing going and keep out of sight."

On the present occasion, however, he had no need of these expedients ; for the twelve people who sat at the round and

well-decorated table were, from one cause or another, ready to talk. Nevertheless, from habit or mistrust, he practised his principle. Something had amused Sir Roger, who was very amuseable; and his pleasant laugh as they sat down suggested a beginning.

"I like to hear that joyous laugh of yours—I always feel the better for it," said Crayston.

Just then Sir Roger's laugh was neighbourly rather than joyous: it was prompted by an amiable wish to please, and there was no other reason for it that any one could discover. But there was a certain amount of joyousness in it, because he was a good Christian, without any trouble on his mind at the time; and it served the present purpose of Crayston, who went on to say, "Nobody could apply Hobbes' definition of laughter to you."

"What was it?" said Lady Ledchester.

"Well, his notion was, that laughter is nothing but sudden glory, coming from a conception of some eminency (I think he calls it) in ourselves, compared with somebody else or with ourselves at some other time; and I suspect he was right, as a general rule. When one says, for instance, that anything is laughable, there is generally something depreciative at the bottom of it, though not necessarily ill-natured; and the meaning of the words 'ridiculous' and 'ridicule'—especially ridicule—derived as they are from a word meaning 'to laugh,' shows what the general impression is. But there is another kind, when the laughter doesn't ridicule, but only enjoys the play of two incongruous ideas. The laugh of our good friend here is of that kind—a smile bursting into sound, like the warmth of a spring day."

"I was just thinking so," said the Stranger, "and couldn't put it into words. And then there is another kind—where good nature, like an alkali, destroys the acid and fizzes up into a sort of seidlitz powder, very wholesome as well as refreshing."

"There would be no fun in it," said the privileged Catholic's daughter.

"I think you would find it more serious," answered the Stranger, "if you tried the acid by itself."

"I dare say—if I did. But I don't mean to try it. The fun is, to see other people try it and make faces."

"You are a follower of De la Rochefoucauld, I see," said Lord Ledchester.



"Not I. I never heard of him. I never read anything but Miss Braddon and that sort of thing."

Sir Roger had been utterly bewildered by the introduction of acids and alkalis into the question of laughter; and bewilderment always implied in his mind the presence or approach of something mysterious, that ought to be dispersed.

"I remember reading, in the old *Spectator*," he said, "a long while ago, that laughing is a very good counterpoise to the spleen. I don't quite know what the spleen is; but I suppose it means being out of sorts, and I know that it does one good then. A laughable farce is a capital thing when you have had bothering letters. I like a good farce, like *Box and Cox*, even more than I did formerly. Somehow, one seems to want it more. People don't enjoy things as they used."

"I am sure they don't," said Lord Ledchester. "When I began life, young people were joyous and hopeful; but now half of them go about, looking as if life were not either worth having or sacrificing."

"Because they have no religion," said Lady Ledchester, appealing to Crayston.

"Well!" thought Sir Roger, "that *is*——"

But Lady Ledchester knew what she meant, and so did Crayston; and they understood each other perfectly. She had always declared that he "believed a great deal more than he chose to say; that he was misunderstood: that it was 'all the fault of that nasty wicked tutor,'" &c.; and Crayston, who in society adapted himself to the people he conversed with, had never undeceived her.

"Very true," he said in a low voice. "The fact is, in Roman Catholic countries they have been so disgusted with priestcraft, that a great many have gone too far the other way, and often talk wildly—one can hardly wonder at it—and then, you know, people travel so much now, and read so much foreign literature, that everything spreads. But, after all, there is a great deal of exaggeration about it. When life is new we are, all of us, inclined to follow the fashion of the day; and there is a fashion in thought, as well as in dress and customs. When one is quite young, one sees the good in things rather than the evil, and one easily gets on a wrong line without finding out what it is till one gets older and wiser. Depend upon it, you will not see England without religion."

Lady Ledchester was comforted, and felt more than ever

convinced that he had been misunderstood. Crayston was satisfied, for he had persuaded her and committed himself to nothing.

"You will not see England without religion," he repeated; and the words were heard by the curate's half-sister, who said to her neighbour, "Yes—but of what sort?"

"Well," said Sir Roger, "I suppose he means a—you know—some sort of something."

"That was just what I thought," said she.

"I don't think," said Crayston, "that I ever recollect a worse November fog than the one we have had to-day: and yet one rather likes to see a good English fog after being so much away. That was a different sort of day, the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, Miss Exmore, in the Piazza di San Pietro. What a glorious place that is! I never see it without thinking of Lord Houghton's lines on the Papal Benediction, *Urbi et Orbi*:

The assembled peasants of a hundred mountains  
Beneath the sun's clear disc,  
Behold that peerless whole of radiant fountains—  
Exorcised obelisk,—  
And massive front—

and so on: and again he says:

Not in low flattery, not in selfish dread  
Before one meek old man,  
A people, a whole people, prostrated  
Infant and veteran.

Most surely from that narrow gallery,  
The oriflamme unfurled,  
Shelters within its grand benignity  
Rome and the orb'd world.

The faintest wretch may catch the dew that falls  
From those anointed lips,  
And take away a wealth that never palls,  
A joy without eclipse."

Having thus done a delicate act of homage to Miss Exmore's conscience, he proceeded to clear himself in the eyes of Lady Ledchester.

"It really *is* a stirring sight," he said. "They know how to do things there. There never was such organization."

"That's it," said Lady Ledchester. "What a pity he chose such a subject for those beautiful lines!"

"An excellent word, 'organization,'" thought Crayston. "It

does suggest so much, commits one to nothing definite, and appeals to that love of the marvellous which has helped as much as anything to keep up the No-Popery tradition in England."

Then he raised his voice and spoke to all who might be concerned. "I am very sorry," he said, "to hear that Dytechley has been ill. I hope there is nothing serious."

"I am afraid there is," answered Sir Roger Arden.

"Could one see him, do you think?"

"I am afraid not, just now."

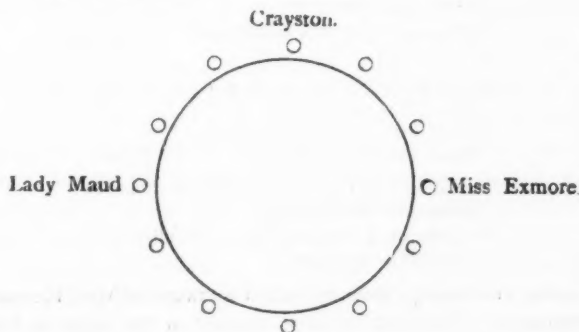
"I hear," said Lady Ledchester, "that Dr. Ranston is staying at Freville Chase. He was a great friend of poor Lord de Freville who died last August."

"Ah!" said Crayston, sympathetically. "Very sad it was. I remember him when he was a boy, and met him afterwards in Rome, three years ago. A fine young fellow, and very attractive."

"Rather too attractive," answered Lady Ledchester, in a subdued voice. "It was the attraction of his manner and his romantic history that caught one, if not two, who are at this table now."

"Right and left, half way from me—isn't it?" said Crayston.

A glance at the table will show how correctly he had measured its diameter without looking, for the two victims of heroic Popery sat thus:



"Well! we can't help these things. Most families have to lament at least one of its members; but it seldom goes farther, and (here he smiled suggestively) the game isn't played out yet."

"I *hope* not," answered Lady Ledchester; "but my own

experience is not comforting. They never let them go when they've once got them."

"I am glad you have told me that Dr. Ranston is at Freville Chase," said Crayston. "I have known him a long while. He is a very superior man in every way."

"And Lord de Freville got hold of *him*," said Lady Ledchester. "He turned some months ago."

"Did he really? Well, there is no accounting for things."

"No, indeed. I never should have expected it from *him*."

"By-the-bye," said Crayston, addressing her and everybody else, "I haven't seen my old friend Claverock for a long while. We have missed each other lately wherever we have been. I am glad he has come back to Raven's Combe. It's a bad thing to live away from your place, though I have no business to say it—only this really is not a place at all. How has his son turned out? I haven't seen him since he was a lad."

As it happened that he was looking towards Edward Arden just then, the latter, supposing himself to be questioned, answered the question.

"I have seen very little of him," he said, with an emphasis that was not lost on Sir Roger, who began to fidget and say to himself, "Why *will* people ask these things? and there is that foreign butler ready to take it all in, and pretending he doesn't understand. I don't like the looks of that man."

"How do you like young Dytechley?" said Crayston, who had noticed the effect of the emphasis on Sir Roger, and enjoyed it.

"I don't think he likes him," said Lady Ledchester, in an undertone.

"I understand," thought Crayston, looking away from that part of the table gradually. "Lady Maud's conversion restricts matrimonial choice, and fits in with young Dytechley's inheritance of Popery and Raven's Combe. Hem! I wish I hadn't asked the question." But he had asked it, and Edward Arden, all unconscious of the by-play, gave his answer without reserve, in these words:

"Well, if I must say what I think, I don't like him at all. He swaggers about, as if the whole place belonged to him; but I shouldn't care so much about that, offensive as it is. What I can't stand is, that he minimizes on every possible occasion about the Church, while he brags of belonging to it by descent. He takes every opportunity of scandalizing people, Catholics

and Protestants alike, by the things he says and the things he does. For example, and this is the least of it, I saw him myself twice break the Friday's abstinence, taking the trouble to proclaim that he was perfectly well. *You* must have seen that, when you were at Raven's Combe."

His eyes were turned on the Stranger. There was a dead silence in the room. Sir Roger began to protest by gestures and faces; but his son was looking another way, and never saw them. The Stranger, whose mind was exclusively occupied by the fact of being near Lady Maud, found the question worse than embarrassing; but he answered without any change of tone, "I was there one Friday; but he had been late at a ball and I had finished breakfast before he came down."

"Depend upon it, he did it all right," interrupted Sir Roger, trying to catch his son's eye. "You mean it well—I know that—but it really isn't fair to judge a young fellow just come into the neighbourhood by things he says thoughtlessly, without meaning what he says. It really isn't."

"I know it sounds hard and uncharitable," said Edward Arden, who was rather shy by nature, and evidently had wound himself up to speak as he did. "I know it seems all that. I can't help it. I know what mischief it does, and what mischief I once did in the same way. I didn't do it from malice, and I don't imply that he does; but so I was, and so I should be now, probably, if it had not been for one who is dead—the best man of the world that I ever knew. 'You put off your religion,' he said one day, 'when you go into society, as if it were a great-coat, to be left in the cloak-room. A decent heathen wouldn't do that.' The man I mean was Lord de Freville, the late one—Everard——"

He ended abruptly, and the silence could be felt. At the sound of Everard's name Miss Exmore looked up very earnestly, and they began to talk at once.

Which no one else had begun to do. Crayston was thinking in strong language and inwardly calling himself bad names for having asked an unfortunate question. Lady Ledchester was thinking that Edward Arden ought to be nowhere. Lord Ledchester was thinking that Leofric Dytchley did in truth swagger, "as if the whole place belonged to him," and was altogether a mistake. Sir Roger wished himself at home. The curate and his half-sister were analyzing the Roman obedience, as exemplified in the dress and manners of the privileged

Catholic's daughter, to say nothing of the account rendered by Edward Arden of his former self and the present Leofric. The Stranger and Lady Maud had not yet begun to talk, and were not likely to begin at that moment. The first person that spoke audibly to several hearers was the privileged Catholic. "What a bore Lord de Freville must have been!" she said. Her daughter expressed the same opinion to the curate, but more fully.

"Bore? no, I assure you he wasn't that at all," said Crayston. "Far from it indeed—as far as possible. You would have liked and admired him, if you had known him. You couldn't help it—he was so agreeable—and singularly handsome besides. But," and here he shrugged his shoulders, "as I said just now, he was not so enlightened as Catholics in society ought to be in these days. They have a great *rôle* before them, if they would but see it. But, with regard to young Dytechley, all I can say, so far as one can speak about him as yet, is that young fellows will talk at random sometimes. We have all done foolish things in some way or other—I certainly have—and we miss a great deal, and waste a great deal more. If we regulated our time according to one or other of the systems that people have drawn out, we should have more to remember, and perhaps remember more; but we might possibly become remembering machines. Thought requires rest as much as the digestion does."

"True, every word of it," thought the Stranger, though he had never ceased thinking of Lady Maud: "but what has it to do with the question, or rather, what has it not to do with turning the question aside? What has it to do with a man's putting off his religion in society?" Nothing at all; and no one knew that better than Crayston, who had said it for the twofold purpose of comforting Lady Ledchester and undoing the effect of Edward Arden's words.

"Very true," said Lady Ledchester, in answer to Crayston. "Cramming too much is a great mistake."

"Yes, as you say, Crayston," said Lord Ledchester, "people must have time to digest what they learn, or they will do no good with it."

"How intolerably dull this is getting," said the privileged Catholic's daughter to the curate. "I shall go to sleep if it goes on."

"Sir William Jones constructed a scale of what a man might do," said Crayston, "which he called an andrometer."

"What in the world is that," said the privileged Catholic's daughter. "And who is Sir William Jones?"

"It means a thing to measure a man by. Sir William Jones was——"

"Oh! I don't care about him. He must have been very tiresome."

"By no means, and he was a very remarkable man. But I should be tiresome if I were to describe half that he did. However, the list of things in his andrometer is alarming, except from the ages of sixty to sixty-five, where it suggests the idea of a retired grocer by setting down among the items, 'Fruits of his labour enjoyed,' 'an amiable family,' and 'universal respect.' Sixty-five to seventy he assigns to the perfection of earthly happiness."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the privileged Catholic's daughter.

"Well, I don't see it," said Crayston. "It seems to me that youth, and health, and the power of working, and the power of enjoying life in its invigorating recreations of mind and body, are pleasanter, a great deal, than a sleepy consciousness of having done something and not having injured one's neighbours more than one could help. And that reminds me that the hounds are coming here next Wednesday to breakfast—not the hounds, for that wouldn't do before hunting, but the people who hunt or look on. I hope you will all come."

"We are coming to something jolly at last," said the privileged Catholic's daughter to the misplaced curate. "Do you hunt?"

The curate looked unconsciously at his long coat, and acknowledged modestly that he did not.

"I have a horse that would carry you very well, if you will do me the honour of accepting a mount," said Crayston to the young lady.

This proposal put everything to rights. The privileged Catholic and her daughter were delighted at the prospect of something to do and something to see. Sir Roger was delighted at the prospect of not having to think about them during a great part of Wednesday, and Edward Arden was delighted at the prospect of meeting Miss Exmore again so soon. Lady Ledchester felt much edified by Crayston's tact in mending his mistake, and was more than ever convinced that stupid people had misunderstood him.



Edward Arden and Miss Exmore had already begun to talk, and their talking was as earnest as the look that immediately brought it about. It commenced by his saying in answer to her look, "When I began life, as they call it, I got into careless flippant ways, not like that young fellow at Raven's Combe—I am bound to say that—but I had a contemptible habit of putting off my religion in general society; and once it had a fatal effect on a man that I hardly knew. He was well inclined then, and had a high standard of what religion should be; but my trumpery way of talking made him jump to the conclusion that it was only an ideal of his own, and I heard afterwards that he had sheered off altogether. I have never seen him since, though I have tried hard; and so, having on that and other occasions done serious harm before Protestants as well as Catholics, I have waited for an opportunity of owning it publicly. That was the reason why I spoke out."

"I am so glad you said what you did of Lord de Freville," she replied. "One can't hear too much."

"I should have told them a great deal more," he said, "if it hadn't been for those two cousins of mine who kept on making faces all the time, as they always do when one speaks of anything but trumpery. I only mentioned one thing; but at other times he said much more than that. I wish there were more like him, to say the same things all about, and to be what he was."

"What made me a Catholic," said Miss Exmore, "was seeing him at Bramscote, where he met poor dear Ida there after the dreadful end of everything. It was the first time he saw her after her marriage. You know what I was then—how I thought of nothing but amusing myself all day long, and imitated every folly of the day. I sat next him at dinner. I shall never forget that evening. It made me ask myself how he could be so agreeable and charming to every one—for what he had to endure was beyond nature. And then I remembered hearing once that he was a bigoted Catholic. If that man is bigoted, I thought, bigotry, whatever it may be, is the only truth. And nothing less than the only truth could have made him go through that evening as he did. Of course I asked and read, and had instruction afterwards, but that evening at Bramscote was the beginning of it. What was it that you were going to have said?"

"I hardly know. I believe it was better to leave off as I

did. Many things that he said to me concerned myself and concerns many others, but would not be suitable here. What he did was to take the dignity out of evil, in whatever shape it came."

"I have heard so, and I am sure of it; but it so happened that I never spoke to him much till that evening. Tell me something else that he said to you."

"I remember one day," he said "when we were both in Rome three years ago, we were talking of *L'Ebreo di Verona*, which I had just read. I said that *Don Bartolo* was a sneak, who hung on to the Church for fear of the devil, and at times appeared to make friends with the devil for fear of the Revolution. He said, 'Yes: but there are too many men like him everywhere. If there were not millions of such fellows things wouldn't be as they are. Society is being undermined simply because the good are not men. They are moral milk-sops. They haven't the Pagan virtues that belong to the natural order. Cicero would have been ashamed of them, but they pass current now because the standard has become low. Out of all the rulers in Catholic Europe the Pope is the only Man.' But, I said, what can individuals do—men like myself who have no power and no influence? He answered very slowly? 'They can be men in themselves. One must face the worst enemy of all—oneself. One mustn't look after the consolations of religion to the exclusion of its work. It is a fight—always, more or less in one way or another—unless we run away or lay down our arms. Nerve and physical pluck are not enough. One must be spiritually and morally a man.'"

They were silent for a while, but how long no one knew, because every one else was talking, outside the circumference of Crayston's round table. At last (whenever it was, which no one knew less than Edward Arden) she said, "I saw him afterwards—after his brother's marriage, at the fêtes he gave for the bride. I saw him then, at Freville Chase, where Ida should have been the bride of the day. He looked more dead than alive, and the expression of his eyes was that of a man who is waiting for the end; but he took as much interest in everything as if he had still a personal hope in life, and made himself as agreeable and amusing as if he had nothing else to think of. Yes! he made everything beautiful. Life has seemed a different thing to me since I knew him—and myself too. I seem to have grown, and there is so much more meaning too, and intensity

in oneself—I hardly know how to express it, but there *is*—and I find myself so different, as if most of myself had been in a torpid state, and the other part had not been exactly mine.”

Edward Arden had begun to think that other evenings, besides that at Bramscote, could be memorable, and this one in particular. They had known each other long and well, but they had both changed since he left England three years before, and the change had brought him nearer to what she was now. Would it bring her nearer to him? That question occurred to him, and seemed like a message from the dead; for Everard Lord de Freville had aroused the higher qualities of both, made them both what they were, and now, being dead, having died a holy death in the prime of his complete manhood, the centripetal attraction of his name had brought them together as they never were before.

“Is this a kind of superstition?” he thought. “I don’t believe it is. He made a man of me when he was alive, and he made her what she is, though he never knew it. It has come over me so unexpectedly and so naturally—it could never have been but for him; and now I can think of nothing else.” Having once thought of that, he was not likely to think much of anything else in the course of that evening. In fact, his thoughts might be summed up in these words: “To be, or not to be, that is the question.”

In the meantime, Everard Lord de Freville had been the subject of conversation at other parts of Crayston’s round table. The privileged Catholic asked Lord Ledchester about him, and came to the conclusion that he had been altogether a mistake. The curate’s half-sister questioned Crayston, while Sir Roger was speaking to Lady Maud, and was told that he was a very fine fellow with great powers in him, which were all cramped and stunted by the system under which he had grown up.

These things were said as soon as the speakers looked up from their plates, after Edward Arden’s decided expression of opinion. The Stranger, who felt that he must say something to Lady Maud, and longed anxiously to speak, though he still tried hard to wish that she were not there, seized the opportunity and said to her, “Did you know him well?”

“Oh, yes—for though there was immense depth in him, it was all as clear as crystal.”

“Yes,” said the Stranger; “yet the depths, clear as they were, so far as one could see them, went in their unbroken

clearness beyond, and again beyond. There was no perceptible end. What was the cause of his death?"

Lady Maud hesitated a moment or two, as if doubting how she ought to answer the question. At last she said, "It was a terrible story; yet he made it so beautiful, that the impression it leaves is not a sad one."

"I can imagine that. I should like to hear how it was."

"He was to have married Ida Dytchley," said Lady Maud. "They had been engaged ever since they were children; but Lady Dytchley afterwards had other views, and suddenly took Ida abroad, just before the time fixed for the wedding. When you met him in the Folkestone boat he was on his way to Florence, where he thought she was. He travelled night and day, but they had left Florence. He followed them to Rome, but he came too late. Ida had been horribly deceived—their letters had been intercepted by the Marquis Moncalvo——"

The Stranger's eyes flashed fire. "Where is the man to be found?" he asked in a very soft voice, lowering his eyes.

"I don't know," said Lady Maud. "But you can't judge him without knowing the whole story. Ida was literally maddened, and when Everard arrived in Rome, he found her the bride of the Marquis Moncalvo. That marriage was the death of him and of her. She only survived him a week. But don't misjudge her—or rather suspend your judgment until you know it all."

"I will not misjudge her," said the Stranger. "It is enough that she was a woman and unhappy. Did you know her well?"

"She was the dearest friend I ever had. I may almost say that she was the only one I ever cared about; for I don't easily make real friends. We were the same age, and saw a great deal of each other. Unhappily I was not near her when a friend was most needed. She was the most attractive creature that I ever saw—so beautiful, so simple-hearted, so full of graceful life. If you had seen the liquid depths of her eyes, and the waves of her golden hair! His loving protection was the one thing needed to complete her character, or rather to bring out what was in her. She was *not* weak. People have said that she was. They are idiots who know nothing either of her or of themselves."

"I see it all," said the Stranger. "If the betrothed are truly adapted for each other, in the highest and most complete sense of the words, they are not complete without each other."

When he had said this he tried to wish that he had not said it, for the act of saying it then and there had struck a chord within him that he had no power to silence; but he had said it, and he went on, because he could think of nothing else to say, and must say something. "The more completely they are adapted for each other," he said, "the more evidently incomplete they will each be apart from the other. The incompleteness may show itself in the character, or in the heart, or in both—in the want of some development, or in the want of something essential to happiness: but, in some way or another, incomplete they must be. If they are, not one, each will be an uncompleted one."

"True," said Lady Maud; "but it very seldom happens that two people are so perfectly suited—very seldom."

A chill passed through him, like the night-breeze over a marsh. "Yes," he said; "and when they are, as in the case we have been speaking of, *that* is the end of it. It is better to be indistinct and plastic and cold, like modelling clay, that adapts itself as required."

"Do you think so?" she said. "It seems to me worse. I had rather lose what is worth losing, if it were not by my own fault, than not have it to lose. Not having is often comfortable—it saves anxieties and responsibilities and suffering where it doesn't occasion them all—but the contentment that comes from a low standard of things, and not from resignation to the will of God, is a sort of comfort that I have no wish to enjoy."

"You have made me ashamed of what I said," answered the Stranger. "But you have a supreme aim that I have not—a hope that includes and heightens all other hopes, increases all happiness, lightens every sorrow, harmonizes the discords of life, gives a motive for endurance and strength to endure. *I want faith.*"

"Surely, then, you are half way to it," said Lady Maud, fixing her eyes on him with intense earnestness, and instantly lowering them. "You feel that it is to be had, or you would not wish for it. People wish to make money, and money is to be made, if the right means are taken; but nobody goes with a pickaxe in search of a golden mountain."

"I thought of that, and said to myself, No sane person seriously desires what is not and never can be. I thought I had begun to see a glimmer of light. And then I remembered the Pagan Olympos and the Mussulman's Paradise, and——"

"Yes, but they don't contradict the result of your experience. One can't infer that a thing has no existence because a number of people have an utterly false and degraded idea of what it is like. If so, the world on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise would make us doubt the existence of the earth we live on. But the one sure way of getting faith is to pray hard for it."

"I will," said the Stranger. "My difficulty lies at the threshold. I could find my way if I could pass that. I don't ask where the Truth is, if it is—for I can see that—but whether it is."

Lady Maud paused for a minute, and then said, "I think you will find that the difficulty comes from your having heard and read everything about it, except common sense and fair reasoning. Is it not so? It sounds impertinent——"

"It could never be that. You have done me a great kindness by saying it—greater perhaps than it seems."

Greater indeed, because it suggested a possible way that he had not fairly tried: yet it stabbed, in the act of healing; for he felt that her interest in him was the sympathy of a soul at peace for a soul struggling—that, and nothing more.

Sir Roger continued talking to the curate's half-sister, and the privileged Catholic to Lord Ledchester; so that Lady Maud and the Stranger had no alternative, nor did they desire one. Lady Maud had seen no one so interesting to talk with since the death of Lord de Freville, no one whose character, tone of mind, and natural qualities, appeared to be so like his. The Stranger had seen no one like Lady Maud, and it mattered not to him if there were hundreds like her, or thousands, or millions, for none of them would have been herself. To him she was the only woman in the world, and life, on its own merits, was not worth living without her.

Given the fact that he cared for her distinctly, it was not surprising that he felt as he did. There are women who may be loved relatively to others, hypothetically, conditionally—women who, from being an accidental object of love in the imagination, may become very comfortable friends, and do better so than as they were imagined. There are many such—and well it is that there are—for circumstances are not accommodating usually, and attraction is not always a safe guide; but Lady Maud was not one of them, nor was he the man to make an indefinite choice. "God help me!" he thought; and

that was his first attempt at prayer. He thought it again, and then again, with increased emphasis; and then he asked himself the question, "If there were not something in me that somehow recognizes the Being and government of God, would this have come spontaneously from my heart in its greatest need?"

He had hardly thought this when a loud peal of the door bell was heard through the hum of conversation and the general sounds of dinner.

"A telegram from somebody," thought Crayston; "but what can it be? I have no business to do, and no relations to go in mourning for. And why has the man come to the front door?"

The butler went out to see what this irregular ringing meant, for he had heard something besides the bell—he had heard wheels and a pair of horses—but no one, except the master of the house, was aware of any irregular occurrence until the butler came back in undignified haste, whispered something to Crayston, and left the room again.

"It is young Dytchley. He has mistaken the day," said Crayston to Lady Ledchester. "Well, we can manage to make room."

"But we shall be thirteen!" she exclaimed in extreme consternation. "I really can't—I must——"

"But we didn't sit down thirteen, you know. And Victor will go to a side table, or——"

At that moment the door was opened wide, and Leofric Dytchley was announced. Crayston rose to welcome him, and did so with a very fair grace, considering that he was internally raging at the disarrangement of the table.

"Oh! ah!" said Leofric, lumbering forward with his hands in his pockets. "I've come the wrong day, I see. Very sorry. Can't help it."

Crayston made no reply, but looked at the Stranger, who rose to make room for the guest, showing no sign of anything but the instinct of a well-bred man. Leofric Dytchley shuffled and shouldered up to the spot, saying in an undertone, as he passed him, "Sancte Victor, ora pro nobis," and sat by Lady Maud, who showed no sign of anything but toleration. Miss Exmore and the curate edged off, to make room for the Stranger, who sat down between the privileged Catholic's daughter and the curate; whereat the latter rejoiced with much thankfulness and the former felt "awfully jolly." Leofric



having made his patronizing apology for coming on the wrong day, proceeded to explain, in his own fashion, why he had come late.

"I couldn't get here sooner," he said. "I kept on asking the way, but nobody knew."

This was more than Crayston was disposed for. It accorded not with his temper, nor with his dignity, nor with the social standing that he had, and intended to keep. He was sorry to annoy Lady Ledchester by snubbing Leofric, but he had made an assured position, that was, in a manner, challenged by a young lout, and he was old enough in it to be cross in public if he chose. Moreover, he was much out of temper at the disturbance of his arrangements. Therefore he answered in this wise:

"I dare say, my newly-located young friend. You were not likely to know your way about so soon. But, if you will condescend to take my advice, as I am older and have seen rather more, you will try to get yourself instructed in the habits of decent society, and give yourself plenty of time when you don't know the road. You should ask your father to teach you."

Leofric stared and coloured. "I can't help the people not knowing where the place was," he answered, addressing no one in particular. "'Never heerd talk of the place,' one fellow said. Upon my soul he did. Ha, ha, ha! that's what he said. I can bring the coachman to prove it, for I heard him laughing away like bricks."

Thereupon the privileged Catholic's daughter began to laugh in that manner, but checked herself when she thought of the mount on Wednesday. Crayston was again talking to Lady Ledchester, pretending to be amused by Leofric's youthful ebullition of spirits; but when the privileged Catholic's daughter laughed like bricks, he turned on him.

"What were you kind enough to mean?" he said. "I didn't quite understand."

"Nothing that I know of," grumbled Leofric, turning his head away.

"Then," said Crayston, "perhaps you will follow the advice Lord Chatham gave to a young talker, and when you have nothing to say, say nothing."

At this decisive set down there was a sound of suppressed mirth, and the privileged Catholic's daughter laughed in an

"awfully jolly" way. Crayston enjoyed the sound, and directed a sympathizing smile at the laugher.

"You see," he said to Leofric, "other people can 'laugh like bricks,' my hilarious young friend."

"And, in the comparison of laughers," he added, addressing every one, "we have had an opportunity of testing the 'sudden glory' that we were talking about just now. The changes and inversions have been remarkable, and might be enlarged upon philosophically with great profit and not a little amusement."

Having thus asserted his supremacy, he put on a paternal look, and proceeded to soothe Lady Ledchester, who had begun to think him very disagreeable, and not at all mistaken by people.

"I wouldn't have taken the trouble for every one," he said; "but it really *is* a kindness to give a young fellow a broad hint sometimes in these days. We are in a transition state—throwing off the social remnants of Popish tyranny—and they naturally kick over the traces a little at first. It will all shape itself into order by-and-bye. There is no harm in it."

She forthwith recovered her good opinion of Crayston, but owed him a friendly grudge for having unfolded Leofric in public. Crayston did nothing to revive the interrupted conversation, lest he should seem to soften the snub that he intended to be decisive and final; but silence in the circuit of that round table seemed so awkward to every one, that every one talked again, and continued talking till Lady Ledchester rose to leave the room. Leofric was quiet and sulky. The Stranger was agreeable to every one but himself; till, after ten minutes, which Crayston never would exceed, he had to follow the six men of the round-table into the drawing-room. There his self-command was, for the first time, unequal to the demand on it. He hung about, saying a few words at intervals to the curate, relapsing into long fits of silence, and leaving the room more than once, under pretence of looking for an album.

When the carriages were announced, Edward Arden came up to him and said: "You won't think me a meddling fellow, if I say a thing that isn't my business to say and can't help saying?"

The Stranger felt as if he were made of looking-glass, and forgetting, just for one instant, the Final Cause he was seeking, wished himself in the infinite azure, as being equivalent to nowhere; but he answered calmly:

"I certainly should never think that of you. What is it?"

"It's this. Have you had that butler long?"

"No. I never saw him till the other day. He was engaged in Italy."

"Did Mr. Crayston know anything of him before he took him?"

"I don't know that he did; but he likes him."

"Well, I don't. Look at his face, and watch him. I have noticed him a good deal this evening, and I don't like his looks at all. Don't trust him. But I must be going."

The Stranger handed the privileged Catholic's daughter to the carriage, and then the curate's sister to a fly, and then Lady Maud. Edward Arden's warning passed out of his mind as completely as if he had never heard it. When the last carriage had driven off, Crayston said to him:

"I want to speak to you."

"What next?" he thought. "I don't care. Life is most certainly not worth living for its own sake."

Crayston went back into the drawing-room, shut the door, and spoke as follows:

"What I have to say is this—without preamble or sentimental ornament—I am going to make you my heir. Don't thank me—it will only be a waste of time—for I do it to please myself. We understand each other perfectly, I think, and therefore you must know that I don't deal in affections of any sort; so you will oblige me, I am sure, by taking the thing in a purely business-like way. I had made up my mind long ago, conditionally on your turning out to be—I can say it without any complimenting—less than you have proved yourself to be, and I meant to have it done about this time: but now it shall be done at once, and known by every one. I will tell you why. That empty-headed jackanapes, Leofric Dytchley, is going in for Lady Maud."

The Stranger turned pale and his brow contracted. Crayston laughed.

"There is no occasion for a tragic *pose*," he said. "The girl likes you, I can see—don't be horrified at my irreverent way of putting it—and I am determined that you shall cut out that ill-mannered, empty-headed jackanapes, Leofric Dytchley. I swore to myself this evening that he shouldn't have her. I swore by humanity, as being the most contemptible thing I know of with a big name. Perhaps you are surprised at hearing

me say that, after burning so much incense to the modern idol. I will tell you how it is—but I really must have a smoke before I go any farther."

They went into a high-pitched room built out at the back of the house, and furnished with easy chairs of the most luxurious kind. Crayston put on a Turkish dressing-gown that was hanging on a peg, ready for that purpose, threw himself gently into one of the arm-chairs, and filling a long pipe with latakia out of a gazelle-skin, began to smoke. The Stranger, having lighted a cigarette, waited and listened.

"You see," said Crayston, "people have been accustomed so long to a religion of some sort or other that without some sort of substitute they would be a nuisance (most of them), not to say unsafe. Certain learned professors, for whom I have the most profound reverence, would, I think, attribute much of that to ignorance of the laws of matter; but, for my own part, speaking under correction, and being ready to believe whatever experimental science may show, till it shows something different—for truth everlastingly grows and therefore changes—I think and am of opinion, and find it proved by the experimental science of life, that the danger lies in excessive love of matter: material comforts, I mean, and luxuries, and the intricacies of enjoyment."

"Saving your presence," thought the Stranger, "and the gratitude you forbid me to feel, what a cynical scoundrel you are!"

"Well, then," said Crayston, "since the present majority must have some sort of religious idea, or else they would all, in their several ways, combine to make life intolerable, clearly they ought to have one. And since, in Europe, Christianity has possession (which is nine points of the law), Christianity must have something to do with it at present. Now there are three classes of Christianity—the objective, the subjective, and the mixed. The objective one, so far as the future of the human race depends on it, is the Catholic Church, the Roman obedience or the Roman persuasion, Popery, the scarlet lady, &c.,—for the Photian Greeks who set up for themselves are only dissenting Catholics, with no *raison d'être* but nationality and imperialism. The subjective and the mixed wholly depend on the 'scarlet lady.' The subjective is pure Protestantism. The mixed is the Established Church of England—as far at least as its formularies go—and is clearly a compromise. But a subjective religion

must eventually eliminate all dogma, without which no religion, properly so called, is possible. It can't help doing so. Private judgment will speculate and speculate till the dogmatic capital is exhausted; and that is just what it *has* done, to such a degree that the glorious Reformation, like Saturn, is eating up its own children—and a very good thing too. It has done its work excellently well on the whole: but the old traditions have got roots like horse-radish, that take a great deal of labour to get rid of. Even our advanced thinkers (most of them at least) have to contend against the religious impressions of childhood. Stuart Mill says in his autobiography that he was 'one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it.' They want some kind of abstraction to be sentimental about—so weak is human nature, even in its greatest men! and humanity, its aims, its aspirations, its glorious future, serves the purpose better than anything else. But then I don't happen to see it in that light. I don't believe in aspirations, except for what is pleasant and useful to oneself; neither do I see in others any signs of a sublime desire to be uncomfortable for the sake of a great-great-grandson being better up in the laws of matter. My own experience tells me that humanity is contemptible, though I know of nothing better; and as to its glorious future—let those believe in it who can, and who find pleasure in it. My own private opinion is that, of all the idolatries recorded, the hero-worship of collective humanity, with its vicarious enjoyment of an earthly Heaven, is the most absurd, the most insulting to one's common sense, and the most ludicrously out of proportion to its ideal object. This, however, is between ourselves. I always treat humanity with outward respect, in deference to the master-minds that believe in it. I shouldn't like to do otherwise—it would look as if I were setting myself above them—but, sooner or later, the world will come to my way of thinking. The worst of it is—but I don't think it concerns my time—the worst of it is, that the unenlightened masses, who are fond of material things, and don't know much about the laws of matter, will be likely to take my view of the case; and that would lead to complications—ruin everything."

"Decidedly," said the Stranger; and that was all he said.

Crayston pulled at his long pipe very hard and opened his eyes very wide, looking at the atmosphere of the room fixedly, as if there were something in it that would tell him what was to be done in that case.

"That's it," he said. "It will be a difficulty some day, I suppose, because people won't understand the laws of nature and the advantages of a socially cultivated class to those who are not in it. If I were to get on that subject, we should be talking on into the small hours; but *there* is the difficulty. The greatest happiness of the greatest number is a principle which (to say the plain truth, very much against the grain) presupposes a true Catholic spirit in at least a strong majority of all classes. Nothing else would do; but we haven't got it, and, if we had (*absit omen*) the remedy would be worse than the disease. Just imagine having to kneel down and go to confession, under penalty of losing caste in society! We want prosperous times and wise journalists—that's what we want."

"And that we are not likely to have," said the Stranger. "Strikes, dishonest competition, and a one-sided free trade, are draining England of its money: and the Press, as a whole, is 'advanced,' if not advancing—isn't it?"

"You are right," said Crayston. "I tell you what it is—only one would be bawled at for saying it. There ought to be a property qualification for newspaper writing."

"I see," thought the Stranger. "You want the safeguards of religion, with the religion omitted. You might as well talk about having light and warmth without the sun."

"Crayston puffed and stared as before. "Well, it will last my time," he said.

"Do you think it *will*?" said the Stranger, who had reasons of his own for taking a pessimistic line. "The limitation of life to this very short one makes people instinctively cautious and selfish—some to keep and some to clutch at."

Crayston fidgeted in his easy chair. "True," he said. "We are in a transition state. It will all come right some day, when people understand the general laws that govern things."

"But, in the meantime," said the Stranger, "don't you think it would be wise to encourage religion wherever you find it, and be glad to find it there?"

"Well, yes, I am beginning to think it would. I am beginning to be of opinion that enlightenment, when it goes beyond the few, has the effect of dazzling and blinding."

"And so," thought the Stranger, "if he finds religion in me, he is bound, on his own showing, to be glad."

"Yes," said Crayston, "we have been going too fast—instructing people who were not prepared for it. You are quite right——"

"Yes, but not in the utterly dishonest way that you suppose," thought the Stranger.

"Quite right," repeated Crayston; "very wise: but we must go back to business. My father left me five thousand a year, and as I have never spent on the average more than two, my income now amounts to eight. Now I can well afford to give you an allowance of three thousand a year, and if it made any difference I would go beyond that. You *shall* cut out Leofric Dytechley. He shall know what it is to try it on with me at my own table. It wasn't enough to set him down and make him look like a fool. He insulted me (or rather tried to do so), in my own house, and he has to pay the interest of the debt; but by humanity and the glorious future it is likely to have, if he is to be a typical specimen of it, he shall pay the full principal."

"No wonder you have a conscientious objection to Christianity," thought the Stranger, "but I can't persuade you to be different from what you are, and I might ruin my own happiness in the attempt, without any benefit to any one."

"Well, then," said Crayston, "I mean to stay on here, and give you every advantage. What you have to do is, *to go in for it*—you understand me!"

The Stranger felt an excessive heat within him at hearing Lady Maud's name so lightly treated; but he mastered himself so well that Crayston was charmed with his apparent coolness.

"I will," he said. "I understand you perfectly."

"That's right," said Crayston. "I have only one more thing to say. You know she is a Catholic—we needn't trouble ourselves with adjectives or nicknames."

"I do," said the Stranger, looking as if the fact were of no importance.

"Well, don't bother about it," said Crayston. "Women are, on the whole, better so—at present. You will get on very well. We have settled that business, then. Good night."

He went to bed, and the Stranger did the same; but the difference was that Crayston slept, and the Stranger did not.

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## CHAPTER IX.

THE Stranger, having passed a very moderate amount of time in bed, arose refreshed, yet anxious withal; Crayston's communication had proved itself to be as balmy as nature's sweet



restorer—almost but not quite, for the two conditions on which its true value depended were, at present, unfulfilled. He rose before the sun and went to the library, hoping to find some book that would help him to see his way. "I want to know," he thought, "whether I can trust the impression that I find in me since yesterday evening—whether it is belief, or only an immense desire that clutches at a straw."

The first book he found was Paley's *Theology*. "It must go farther than that," he said to himself, "or it will do nothing for me. The watch on the heath proves the existence of a watch-maker, but not that he has anything to do with it afterwards. Therefore the analogy is useless. And all this about the joints and muscles and heart going night and day at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours is confronted by the three facts of disease, accidents, and certain death at last. The argument is incomplete. Here again, all this about 'the goodness of the Deity,' as exemplified in the skipping of lambs, the tranquil enjoyments of old age, and the usefulness of gnats in American forests, serves my purpose no better than the watch did."

He then took Paley's *Evidences*, but soon put it down. "This goes farther than I want," he said, "and not far enough. I want to believe that the Being who made me cares for what He has made, gives us an immortal soul whose fate will depend on what it does, and teaches us through a visible channel what He requires us to do. The consent of mankind—the united and instinctive *Yes* of the learned and unlearned, of the subtlest minds and the simplest—appeals to one's experience of its own truthfulness; for experience clearly shows that principles naturally accepted by the mass of mankind are true. But I want to go deeper still. Why did I never think of asking the Benedictine at Freville Chase? I will. I have been asked there at any time I like; it shall be to-day." He looked about for more books, but finding none to his purpose, none stronger than a few eighteenth century sermons on the reasonableness of religion, he took to thinking, and continued that exercise till Crayston, who had amused himself with loose fiction till a late hour, came down to breakfast a little before ten o'clock, full of sudden glory at the expense of Leofric.

"I am going to begin the settlement of accounts with my facetious friend at once," he said; and then came the sudden glory. It was expressed in the sound of a short chuckle, repeated at intervals over the space of about two minutes.

"I have heard of doing evil that good may come of it," thought the Stranger; "but this is doing good that evil may come of it to somebody else. Really my gratitude has to be of a very peculiar kind. I should have a scruple about it, if he had been less explicit about his motives."

"I shall begin to-day," said Crayston, helping himself to some *pâté de foie gras aux truffes du Périgord*. "You must ride there with me."

"Would to-morrow do?" said the Stranger. "I have put off going to Freville Chase day after day; and it looks as if I didn't care to go there."

"Not a bit. They know very well that one's time isn't always one's own. You may set it down as an axiom that only fools and ill-bred people take offence when none is meant."

"Yes. I didn't mean that Lord de Freville would be affronted; but I thought it more civil to go soon."

"How did you fall in with him? At Raven's Combe?"

This was an awkward question, for the Stranger was not going to open his mind about religion till it should have been made up; but he answered, readily:

"No. I made his acquaintance by chance, and when he found who I was, he asked me there."

This was enough, and not too much. The Folkestone steamer would have spoilt it. "There will be nothing to stop your going to-morrow," said Crayston.

"But—about to-day," said the Stranger. "Won't it look as if——"

"Nonsense. Do you suppose I am going to get red in the face and blurt out the whole thing, then and there, in Lady Ledchester's drawing-room? I haven't been to call there yet, and I ought to go. D—n it, man, you needn't be shy. You have plenty of *savoir faire*."

"You certainly are——" thought the Stranger. "Then we go there to-day," he said, "and I ride to Freville Chase to-morrow."

"I wanted to call there myself," said Crayston, "I may as well go with you."

Thought the Stranger, "Swearing is blasphemy if one believes, and nonsense if one does not; but if there ever was an occasion for strong language! Happily there is that brown mare that wants breaking. I must take her out the next morning, and go across country to Freville Chase."

"We had better go in time for luncheon," said Crayston. "Lady Ledchester is always at home then, and likes to see her friends in that way. A very good way it is, too: it saves a lot of time. By-the-bye, mind you keep the 'discipline of the secret,' and don't let out your opinions about things that don't concern them. We agreed last night that higher thought is not good for every one; and in fact it might, you see—it might seem alarming in that house, and spoil your little game."

"Little game!" The words echoed and re-echoed in the Stranger's ears, forming themselves into a bodily shape that caricatured himself and grinned at him, as if it said, "This is you playing your 'little game,' deceiving Lady Maud, concealing your infidelity, making yourself seem to her as you are not. A very pretty way of talking her over—Ha! ha!"

"Hideous," he thought, summarily dismissing the phantom, "but not mine. I only wish that infidelity would always look as hideous; but the special devilry of its present fashion in England is, that it assumes, at least in public, a high moral tone."

"I needn't tell you," said Crayston, "that the art of spreading principles consists mainly in suiting the doses to the patient, and in knowing when to leave well alone. If you manage well, you will get her by degrees out of the fisherman's net: but Leofric Dytchley would keep her in it, because he is such a bad specimen of Popery. A bad Catholic does almost as much as a good one, in that way. He acts like a sort of scarecrow: he is a sort of danger-signal to pious people. But a good exponent of higher thought, acting with discretion and with tact, and impersonating it attractively through the affections—I needn't say more, I think."

"I think not, indeed," thought the Stranger. "Are you a man, or a devil, or a devil's mouthpiece, who coolly counsel such hideous treachery? Treachery that no strength of conviction could warrant. And this man counsels it, having no positive belief whatever about religion, but only a habit of disbelief, that he has never honestly examined. I wish the urn would upset on his toes."

But the urn, probably having no passions, though an advanced thinker said once in a printed book that steam-engines probably had, *mais ce n'est pas encore constaté*, hissed quietly in its place, and Crayston talked in his, lecturing on the little game complacently till the heat of the urn was as nothing compared with that which the Stranger felt inside him.

Who, however, was not the only person then suffering in reference to Leofric. Lady Maud came in for her share, and so did Lord Ledchester. Lady Maud had just risen from the breakfast table, her sister and Miss Exmore having gone first, when she heard her name pronounced in a tone of suppressed irritation. The voice was low—suggestively low—and measured, if that can be, when there is only one syllable to pronounce; but the sharpness of its quality, in so small a volume of sound, had the effect of a wasp under a glass. It was quite under control, but the thing controlled was not pleasant within its limits. The voice was Lady Ledchester's.

"I wish to know," she said, "whether you mean to snub every gentleman of your own—*persuasion*."

At this general charge of despising impersonated Popery, Lady Maud examined her conscience, found nothing there to accuse her, and waited to hear more. Lady Ledchester sat erect and sniffed the air; but the sniffing was barely audible, and there was no sign of temper in her face.

"I should like to know," she said.

"I don't quite understand," said Lady Maud. "I have no recollection of ever having snubbed any one. I have never been placed in the painful position of being obliged to do so."

Lady Ledchester smiled slowly, and suppressed the smile as soon as its depreciative character was evident. "You are more fortunate than I have been," she said. "Long before I was your age I had found the necessity. But then I married at eighteen, and a married woman has, of course, more responsibilities about the choice of acquaintance and the manner of knowing different people. I had experienced four years of that by the time I was your age. However, that was not the sort of thing that I mean just now. I was not careful enough to use the right word. It was not exactly snubbing that I mean—I mean *cold-watering*. I am sure you will do me the justice to say that I am the last person to be a match-maker or to attempt any sort of over-persuasion; but I feel it my duty to remind you, for your own good, that your change of religion has limited your choice very much, not only as to the question of means, but also as regards individuals. You *must* know what a very inferior style of men—in manners, in behaviour, in intellect, in common sense, in principles, in every way—most of the Catholic young men that you meet in society *are*, at the present time. Nobody but themselves can fail to see *that*.

Those that you and I know are ill-mannered, idle, empty-headed triflers, and care no more for their religion than for any other duty. You *must* see that."

"What can I say?" thought Lady Maud. "There is just so much truth in what she says, that I can neither deny it nor ignore it, nor explain it away. Neither can I tell the truth without saying what would seem offensive to her; for the truth is, that all this has come from an acquired habit of human respect in un-Catholic society and bad imitation of its inferior types. I must not tell her that; for she would only say, 'Of course you lay it all on the religion you were born in,' and think I was excusing what is not excusable. What can I say? There are several causes, but no valid excuse for people who are in the light of the One True Faith. And then, every un-Catholic act of a Catholic is laid to the Catholic principles that he doesn't follow. There is no use in saying anything; and yet, if I don't——"

"I don't ask you to acknowledge it," said Lady Ledchester. "I know that you have made up your mind; and it would be ungenerous to point out the grievous mistake you have made, when I could do you no good by doing so."

She paused for an answer; but Lady Maud, feeling herself restricted, said nothing. The pause was awkward. Lord Ledchester, perceiving the drift of his wife's remarks, and fearing that he might be called upon to give an opinion thereon, which he had no intention of doing, began to move.

"I think you *might* stay a moment," she said, colouring slowly, "and hear me out, when the thing concerns us all so much, and *may* ruin poor Edith's prospects, as you well know."

Lord Ledchester turned at the sound that darted at him as he went. Having turned, he retreated backwards as imperceptibly as he could, and stood still, muttering a pious wish against the Papal Aggression, to which, as to a kind of spiritual magic, he attributed the impending difficulty.

"Post hoc, ergo propter hoc," he said in rather involved English, and then came the pious imprecation, and then an impulse of self-defence unloosed his tongue.

"I have a letter to write," he said, "and a man to see on business. I really can't wait."

"One moment won't hurt you," quoth she, whereat he wished he had gone to the meet at Grumstone Gorse—"and what I am going to say concerns your own comfort and peace of mind

and everything else. I am very sorry to find that I *must* speak plainly. I had thought and hoped and believed that Maud would see how the case really stands; but I see that she *does* not, and in justice to Edith I am compelled, much against my inclination, to explain it. I began by reminding her that her change of religion had limited her means of choosing, in the most important affair of life; and I did so because I saw she was prepared to refuse one of the best that she is likely to have."

"Come, now!" interrupted Lord Ledchester. "That won't do at all. I am very sorry about the religion, and all that; but as to choosing—God bless my soul and body! I only wish there were choice enough."

"Just what I was going to say. There are so few, and most of those—Oh, Maud! you don't know what you have done for yourself, and how it isn't all as you think. But since you are determined to go on, I suppose——"

"If I were to do otherwise, I should be deliberately committing the worst possible sin," said Lady Maud. "I should be rebelling against the will of God and rejecting His grace. I am sure that you would never wish me to do that."

"Well, well!—you have been made to think so, and there it is."

"No. I was not persuaded by any one. I alone am responsible."

"Nonsense! Do you think I don't know how they work underneath and get hold of people in all sorts of ways? But I see it's no use talking. It comes to what I said. You have destroyed your chances, and can't afford to throw away what you have, as you were doing yesterday at Marlton."

Lady Maud gave no answer, but her cheeks flushed for an instant, burning tears rose without flowing, and she said in her heart, "My God, I accept this willingly, and offer it up to Thee. It is the best I have to offer."

"But that isn't all," said Lady Ledchester. "You are, in a manner, free to injure your own prospects, but not your sister's."

"But, my dear," said Lord Ledchester, "how can she be said to do that? Edith isn't—one of them, you know."

"Of course not; but people always think that when one is, the other may be."

"No, no. They are not such fools. Nobody would be safe, if that were true. There is one of them in most families."

"Yes, but not living at home, unmarried. Where they are so, the one that *has* gone over is always a serious disadvantage to the one that has not. There is no doubt about it. Every one knows it. You *must* have seen it yourself. I could point out ——"

"You don't want me any longer, do you? I think—(and here he came close to her nearest ear)—I think you have said *quite* enough, and rather more: I do indeed."

"Wait a moment," she answered, in a whisper, adding aloud, "I have said all that I was bound in conscience to say, Maud. I am sure I don't wish to say more than is absolutely necessary. I leave you to draw your own conclusions, and I *must* say there is only one, if you have any regard for your poor sister. I hope you will have the good feeling to do what is right without ——"

"*Without*," echoed Lord Ledchester, but in a tone as different from the original as the famous Killarney echo that said, "Very well, thank you," when asked how it was. "Yes, to be sure. Without misunderstanding what you mean, you know."

The reason of this interruption was, that he disliked the quality of the hint, and wanted to get rid of it. That was why he broke in so bluntly.

"Of course, without misunderstanding," said Lady Ledchester; "but I am sure she does understand. It would be *very* unfortunate for her if she did not."

"Yes—but about yesterday evening. It really was ——"

"Was what?"

"Why, he, you know. It was so offensive."

"Not a bit worse than all the other Roman Catholic young men."

"Yes, it was. I never saw one behave like that before."

"Let it be so, then. I suppose that they are all perfect ——"

"My dear! who ever said that?"

"And all have better places than Raven's Combe ——"

"Well, I think most of them have better manners. But if you come to that, the best-mannered young man that I have seen a long while is Victor Crayston, who has been brought up an infidel."

Lady Ledchester said nothing, but set her foot in a cautionary manner on his foot where a corn was; whereat he jumped away so far, that he ran against Lady Maud, who left the room in haste, which left him alone with his wife, who thereupon opened her mind in the gentlest of tones.



"Do you really wish that it should come to nothing?" she said. "I should have been in a more dignified position, as her mother, if you had told me before; but I must make the best of it now as well as I can, and—oh! it is a pity; it is, indeed. You will see it some day, when I ——"

What she was to do or suffer, and where she was to be, prior to Lord Ledchester's enlightenment, was not prophesied in words; but silence, "the perfectest herald of joy" is, in some cases, the most effectual alarmist, by reason of what it leaves to be imagined. He had very little imagination, and what he had was filled with vague terrors by the sudden void in her speech.

"My dear, don't be distressed," he said. "What I meant was ——"

"Whatever you meant, you managed ingeniously to say the most unfortunate things that could have been said," interrupted Lady Ledchester.

He opened his eyes very wide in great amazement, for she had never so addressed him before: then he uttered an inarticulate remonstrance, and assuming an evangelical aspect, said: "This is very grievous!" But she had not finished her commentary.

"It really was too provoking," she said. "You undid all I had told her, by taking part against that poor young man, when he was only in high spirits and put out Mr. Crayston, who, like all old bachelors, is liable to be cross. When you had done that, you sang the praises of the other, who *is* very attractive, and has nothing, and is nobody knows who, and would very likely pretend to turn, for the sake of marrying her. It really is ——"

"No, no. Absurd—out of the question. I only said he had better manners than most young men of the day; which is true, but isn't everything. I said nothing more than that. What I meant was, that young Dytchley made it so awkward yesterday evening. It was enough to make her feel a sort of restraint, you know. It was such a disagreeable sort of thing altogether."

"Yes, but one should make the best of it," said she, looking pacified and affectionate. "After all, it was nothing worse than thoughtlessness. There really is no harm in him at all. These little faults will pass away after he is married."

"Do you think so?" said Lord Ledchester, dubiously.

"No, for I am sure of it. He is just the sort of young man to be well influenced. You may depend on that. And I am

sure you must see how bad it is for Edith to be as we are—so *very* ruinous to her prospects! It warns them off—it does, indeed. They are afraid of the risk. And remember this too: she is very fond of Maud, and Maud has a great influence over her. I don't say—I hope not—but you know how catching it is. I feel sure that I need say no more."

"Well, my dear, it *is* very awkward. I don't know what to do. I can't, you see, try to persuade——"

"I should never think of asking you to do so; but there is no need of it. If we only make the best of him, ask him here as often as we can without making it too evident, and let it take its chance. It will all come right, and be for her happiness—I am sure it will—but it was necessary for me to say something, because unfortunately she had been set against him, all owing to Mr. Crayston being so cross. I am very angry with him about it. That was all."

And that was all they said. He went away, hoping for the best, and she followed, seeing in the result of the dialogue much cause for thankfulness. The results were, that Lady Maud had been made to seem in the wrong, and Lord Ledchester was prepared to let things take their chance.

Which they did accordingly, Lady Ledchester intending to guide them. An hour afterwards Miss Exmore found Lady Maud in a remote part of the shrubbery, where dark evergreens overshadowed a narrow path.

"Something has gone wrong," she thought. "I know it by her coming here alone at this hour, and I can see it in her walk."

Any one could have seen it; the walk was not hers, nor the manner. She moved without elasticity or steadiness, her body bent, her eyes fixed on the ground. She turned at the sound of footsteps, and her face confirmed the evidence. There was no colour in it, no trace of a possible smile. Every curve had straightened, every changeful expression was lost in a terrible fixity that mirrored a more terrible depth of distress, and her eyes were dim with tears that flowed in burning streams unfelt.

"What is it?" said Miss Exmore. "I was afraid that something was wrong—I don't know why, but I did—and I have been looking for you ever since."

"I came here," said Lady Maud, "because it was out of the way. The troubles that God sends or permits are always less than we deserve; but there are things that press on human

nature more heavily than it can bear at first, things that, were it not for the Faith, would make one wish one had never been born. There are positions that only a woman can be placed in, trials that only a woman can have, hideous alternatives that outrage every better feeling and leave no way of escape. I can't, can't tell you what it is, but I think you may guess. There are things one can't speak of. They are, but one can't utter them."

"There is no need that you should," said Miss Exmore. "What you have told me and what I have observed are sufficient. When did it happen? When was it said?"

"After breakfast. My mother told me in plain terms. No doubt she is right, from her point of view, though I am not able to understand it, and never shall; but the fact is—what it is, and very, very hard to bear, harder still to deal with. What I have heard this morning has broken me down. When I became a Catholic I was well aware of the losses I should bring on myself, and they seemed, of course, as they are, not only a gain but a privilege. I should have been sorry to receive the Faith without having some sacrifice to make, something to offer that I could offer willingly to Almighty God. I knew what the losses would be. I knew that I was beginning life again, as a comparative stranger. I knew that I should no longer be as I had been to any one of those with whom I had been on terms of confidence—not even with my own father and mother. *Their* partial estrangement was the one really hard trial; but I could bear it, because their natural affection remained. To-day I have been made to understand that all ties between us are broken, that I must be got rid of at any cost—that I must be sold without reserve, like a bankrupt's horse at a sale, or driven to seek a home for myself as an outcast from my father's house. It has come to this—it has indeed—and therefore there is only one course. The other is not for me. There are people who could, people who are much better than myself; but they are different. They have more control, I suppose, over their feelings or their will, or a stronger principle of duty, or something—whatever it is—that enables them to compel the attendance of respect and affection when they have made it a duty to do so. How much they are able to conjure up, I don't know, nor what they feel to be sufficient—it can't be much—but I have no such power; and therefore I must leave home as I am."

"Certainly not," said Miss Exmore. "You are very much

wiser than I am, and superior to me in every way; but just now you are not in a position to judge for yourself. I couldn't, if the cases were reversed. Wait, and you will see that I am right. I have been talked at, like you, looked at, given to understand, made to feel that I was in the way, seen the nearest and dearest ties apparently break like a rope of sand; but the appearance was worse than the reality. Indeed you will find it so."

"And you call me wiser than yourself?" said Lady Maud. "If impatience, if hasty judgment, if want of charity and——"

"Nothing of the kind," interrupted Miss Exmore. "You *are* superior to me, but one can't always help oneself. My advice is wise, though I am not."

"I will do as you tell me," said Lady Maud; "but I can't go in yet. Come with me, this way, out into the fir wood."

It was past one o'clock before they were again in the shrubbery. Crayston and the stranger were then on their way, the one, day-dreaming *comme on rêve à vingt ans*, and much more, the other gloating over his little game, by which he was to make Leofric Dytchley remember the consequences of laughing like bricks in reference to the whereabouts of Marlton. But they were not the only people who intended to call at Monksgallows at or about the hour of luncheon. There was one more, and his intention had a more immediate end in view. The one more was Edward Arden, who having known Miss Exmore nearly as long as she could remember, knowing her much better now, and feeling quite sure about himself in relation to her, had come to speak up for himself. Not finding her in the house, he came out and met her.

"Who is that?" said Lady Maud, seeing some one looking about among the shrubs.

Miss Exmore said nothing, but a paly pink flush had changed the colour of her face, whose natural hue was that of a rich and mellowed marble. Lady Maud looked again to see who it was, and said, "I can't see any one yet." Then she turned away decisively, to the complete satisfaction of Edward Arden, who told himself in confidence that he had never before valued a woman's tact at its full worth. Soon afterwards, while Lady Ledchester was making a mundane meditation in the library, Crayston and the Stranger were announced.

Whom she received expansively, forgetting all that she had said about turning on purpose, and having nothing, and being

nobody-knows-who. The reason of this was as simple as the Stranger's heart. He was attractive, and she liked attractive people. He was handsome, and she admired beauty. He was chivalrous, and she was a woman.

Lord Ledchester appeared just before luncheon. Miss Exmore joined them on the way. Edward Arden kept out of the way, and came in after the door was shut, trying to look as if he had just arrived. Lady Maud came in very late.

No one had a suitable place except Crayston and Lady Ledchester. Lady Edith wished herself on the other side, because the Stranger was a puzzle to her experience, and therefore might be a crypto-Jesuit, who would try to undermine her religion in order to ensare her by the wiles of Popery. The Stranger had a table's width between him and Lady Maud. Edward Arden was separated from Miss Exmore by a solid corner and a wide expanse of table-cloth. Lord Ledchester, whose ears rang with the warning note sounded after breakfast, thought that everything was very grievous, and felt half afraid of saying much to Miss Exmore, lest he should seem to encourage turning. In the meantime, circumstances being favourable, Crayston had made his first move. Lady Ledchester gave him the opportunity by saying, "How very handsome he is! and so agreeable, and such fine manners, which are so rare now."

"Well, I *am* proud of him," answered Crayston, carelessly. "You think I have done well, then, in making him my heir?"

Lady Ledchester started interiorly, while a sudden thought came into her mind, in spite of herself, and all efforts to the contrary notwithstanding.

"He really *is*," thought she, "and if one knew who—and if he should happen to turn (it must be better than being an infidel), why then——"

"You certainly may be proud of him," she said. "By-the-by, what relation is he of yours? I ought to remember, but——"

"He is not related to me at all. The story is curious and romantic. When he was an infant, the man under whose guardianship he was, and whom I knew very well—he was my lawyer—wrote to me about him. He did so for two reasons. He knew that I had thought of adopting some one, and as he was in very bad health, having had a paralytic stroke, he was anxious to be rid of the responsibility. He told me everything

except the name, which he didn't know. But why the poor child had been so cruelly got rid of, and, in a manner, robbed of his birthright, is a mystery."

"He *must* have good blood in him," said Lady Ledchester.

"So I have always thought. In fact, I have no doubt of it."

"Yes—but what a pity! Can't you find out?"

"I dare say *you* could. Women are a great deal sharper than we are. I wonder the lawyers don't employ them to find things out. Well, then, as I had adopted him, I gave him my own name; but I left it uncertain whether I should make him my heir, or not, because I wanted to see how he turned out. I am now so thoroughly satisfied about him, in every way, that I have decided the question, and I am going to make it quite clear by giving him an allowance of three thousand a year."

Thought Lady Ledchester, "I had no idea that you could afford such an allowance as that; but you have always been so mysterious."

Said Crayston, "Of course the romantic part of the story is between ourselves. I wouldn't have told it to any one else. He is supposed to be the son of a cousin of mine—an odd, wild sort of fellow, who was always travelling in out-of-the-way places, and died somewhere in Africa. There *was* a son, who died of some fever, and as nobody knows anything about him here, because he was born among the Arabs and died among them, it passes as an undoubted fact. So that, even if the mystery should never be cleared up, the loss of his birthright will not be an unmitigated misfortune. He won't be taken for nobody-knows-who."

Lady Ledchester, who remembered having once heard something about waves of sound, asked herself, not without a momentary feeling of discomfort, whether such a wave could possibly have rolled from her mouth into Crayston's ear. "Nobody-knows-who!" she mentally echoed. "Just what I said when I was so vexed about everything. How very odd!"

"How very odd!" said Crayston.

"Good gracious! how in the world——?" she thought, for it appears to her that even waves of unuttered sound had some mysterious means of finding their way into his ear.

"I was thinking," said he, "that we have had two other cases of discovered identity in this neighbourhood—Sherborne's and Hubert Freville's. Now what does that show? Simply, I think, that truth is quite as strange as fiction, and sometimes

crowds up dramatic incidents in as narrow a compass—which in my own experience tells me that it does. Those were very curious cases—very hard, they say, to unravel.”

“Very indeed,” said she, “very. What a pity that Hubert Freville turned! If he hadn’t, Freville Chase would have got out of Roman Catholic hands—I am sure we have enough of them in this neighbourhood. But then, his wife had gone over before he married——”

“Yes—but do you think *that* an unsurmountable difficulty? I don’t think it is, when a man is attractive and well informed, and the marriage is a happy one. There is a great deal of hero-worship in young women, and if the husband is capable of arousing it—is of the heroic sort, and attentive and loving—the weight of probability is all in his favour. In fact I have seen it so myself over and over again. No wonder the priests don’t like what they call mixed marriages.”

“How sensible he is,” thought Lady Ledchester. I always said that he was falsely accused of being an infidel. I knew it was only because he was cleverer than other people, and they didn’t understand him. Who was right? Why, no one could be more staunch—and so earnest.”

No doubt he was in earnest, and so is the devil; but she was satisfied with the staunchness, and saw no further.

When Crayston and the Stranger went away, which they did soon after luncheon, she went out to drive, in company with herself, believing more than ever in her own opinion of him and his, including the crayfish.



## *Reviews.*

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### I.—MERCY AND JUSTICE TO THE POOR.<sup>1</sup>

THE condition of the working classes in the thickly populated countries of modern Europe is a subject which it is impossible for any lover of his kind to contemplate without a mixed feeling of indignation, sorrow, apprehension, and dismay. Their misery is a fact which thrusts itself upon the notice even of those who would fain close their eyes to so unpleasant a spectacle; that this misery might have been prevented is as equally undeniable; that the causes which produced it are still at work in full force and vigour, without any sufficient attempt to check or prevent them, must we fear be confessed by all who have studied the subject; that they are heaping up vengeance against the last days, and will ere long bring about a terrible retribution by the mere working out of natural laws, is the conclusion to which the thoughtful observer is forced by his study of the forces which are at work in our modern communities. We have every reason to be grateful to the Christian politician who will sometimes speak plainly respecting these evils and their causes, and he has the greater claim to our gratitude, when at the same time he points out, as Dr. Bagshawe does, some practical remedies for them, and indicates the direction in which the philanthropist and the true economist should be working, if the increasing evil is to be checked and the future vengeance to be averted.

There is no difficulty in assigning the cause of the present misery and degradation of the English poor.

When Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth robbed the Church and poor of all these patrimonies, and divided them with their dissolute courtiers, leaving, as I have said, a small portion to their own heretical teachers, then began the sad era of degraded pauperism. Then were the wide abbey lands turned from cultivated farms into solitary sheep-walks, and

<sup>1</sup> *Mercy and Justice to the Poor. The true Political Economy.* By Edward G. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham. London: Kegan Paul, 1885.

the desolate and plundered cultivators turned by thousands into "vagrants and vagabonds," as their oppressors were pleased to call them. If these unhappy creatures dared to beg their bread, then by cruel laws, first enacted at the Reformation, they were set in the stocks, scourged to blood, branded with irons, sold into slavery for life, with leave to their masters to kill them, or were hanged on a gallows, as were "all vagabonds near London," by Queen Elizabeth in 1595. At last, to prevent the shame of a wholesale starvation, the poor-laws were invented to take the place of the confiscated Christian charities, and they have been a curse and disgrace to England ever since (p. 12).

The evils which have been the result of the spirit introduced by the Reformation, are the following :

1. The spirit of selfishness, which neglects the interests of tenants, labourers, workmen, and workwomen, either from indifference or in order to make larger money profits.
2. The accumulation of enormous fortunes in the hands of the few, and the consequent pauperism of the many.
3. Enormous landed estates in the hands of a few, who cultivate them simply for their own profit or convenience, or leave them altogether uncultivated, at their pleasure, recognizing no rights whatever as belonging to the occupiers of the soil.
4. The absorption of small tradesmen and manufacturers by those whose enormous capital enables them to swallow up all their smaller competitors.
5. The letting of houses and lodgings at rents exorbitantly high, and the consequent overcrowding, filth, degradation, and immorality of the poor who are forced to inhabit them.

How are these evils to be met ? Dr. Bagshawe seems to hope that legislation may come to the rescue of the toiling, suffering millions, and cites as an instance of a step in the right direction, a law in the colony of Australia which taxes heavily the owner of all land beyond a certain amount which he does not himself cultivate. We fear that in this he is too hopeful, or at least he expects too much of the dominant class in a Protestant community, if he hopes that they will legislate against their own money interests. Legislation never goes beyond the spirit prevalent among the legislators. If the lawgivers of England belong to the class who are guilty of the oppression complained of, the laws they pass will not do much in the direction of true reform.

They will not be sufficiently in earnest ever to give a fair hearing to the few individuals amongst them who are enthusiasts for mercy and justice. If there is legislation it will either be because it is forced out of the dominant class through fear, or because the growing power of the people enables them to pass laws to remedy their own needs, in the teeth of the upper class. The former alternative will create an ever-increasing hostility between class and class, and will produce a violent conflict which will culminate in something very like the reign of the Commune. The people themselves, strange to say, when in power, are not at all skilful in devising measures really wise and prudent for the redress of the evils of pauperism and the degradation of the lower class. Crowded tenement houses, godless and corrupting education, the open prevalence of public immorality, the promiscuous sale of filthy literature, are evils against which a democracy seems unable to protect itself.

The fact is, that the problem is a most complicated and almost an insoluble one. One cannot blame the able, energetic man of business who by the natural expansion of his trade and by his own superior capacity, industry, and intelligence, absorbs the trade of the inferior rivals. He can produce a better article, and it is hard indeed to draw any line, and tell him that unlimited competition is unjust. One cannot blame the inheritor of a vast estate because he regards it as his own absolute property, with which he can do what he pleases as long as he is not guilty of very flagrant injustice. Many a thoroughly kind-hearted, benevolent, and conscientious man altogether neglects, as far as personal supervision goes, his estates in the country or his property in some crowded district in a large city without a qualm of conscience, partly because he clings, in all good faith, to the traditions of his class, partly because he is never brought face to face with the misery that exists there, but believes the assurances of his man of business that everything is going on there most happily and satisfactorily.

There is, moreover, another side to the question which we think Dr. Bagshawe has a little overlooked. There are many countervailing advantages which the poor enjoy. The necessities of life are cheaper in the present day in London in comparison with the rate of wages than they ever were, and the very competition which he deplures has secured cheap bread and meat brought from every corner of the earth. If rents are exorbitantly high in many parts of London, yet workmen's





trains and the ever-increasing model lodging-houses are at least doing a good deal to remedy the evil. We do not think as a general rule that employers oppress their workmen. They neglect them, it is true, and one of the worst evils of the large houses of business in London is the evil conversation too often prevalent in the workshops. But as regards their material wants, there is, we believe, an increasing spirit of fairness and consideration.

Still there are evils enough and to spare, yet we fear that they lie deeper down than any legislation can, under existing circumstances, efficiently reach. We fear that they will never be remedied till the work of Henry and Elizabeth is undone, and the whole social machine which is now so sadly out of gear is set right by the healing influence of the religion of Jesus Christ.

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## 2.—HISTORY OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.<sup>1</sup>

The history of Parliamentary procedure is a subject in which Englishmen consider that their own House of Commons has a right to stand in the forefront. This claim has been courteously conceded by M. Reynaert, who commences his learned and careful survey of Parliamentary discipline in the various assemblies of the world with an account of the British Parliament, its rules, regulations, powers of punishment, and their historical development. The early chapters of his book were written before the Irish Home Rulers had thrown into confusion the peaceful tranquillity of that once dignified assembly, but in subsequent chapters he describes in detail the scenes that took place, and the system of *clôture* of which they were the occasion. In fact, a considerable portion of the second volume is devoted to this subject. M. Reynaert describes the change introduced by Mr. Gladstone to check obstruction as "one of the most violent reactions accomplished in the heart of the Parliament for centuries." About the final issue of the system now prevailing he does not attempt to express an opinion, but he seems to dread lest, when Mr. Gladstone has passed away, it may be in the hands of his party, or at all events of the extreme portion of it, a gag to stop the mouths of their opponents and force on revolutionary measures.

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de la Discipline Parlementaire.* Par Auguste Reynaert. Paris : Pedone-Lauriel, 13, Rue Soufflet.

On the subject of Mr. Bradlaugh and the Parliamentary oath, M. Reynaert gives an interesting account of the oaths and affirmations required in other Parliamentary assemblies. In the German Reichstag nothing of the kind is required, in the Austrian Reichsrath the members have to make an affirmation of their loyalty. In France there is no sort of oath since the fall of the Empire. One of the curious anomalies of French Parliament is that during the Revolutionary epoch oaths were exacted wholesale. In the Assembly of 1791, all the members took an oath, in the name of the French people, to live free or to die. In Italy the senators and deputies have to swear fidelity to the King and laws, and when a certain Catholic deputy, Count Crotti, added to the oath the reservation, "saving the laws of God and of the Church," this was not allowed, and his seat was declared vacant. But he was re-elected, and consented to take the oath without reserve.

The House of Congress and the Senate of the United States of America are, in the general spirit of their procedure, the offspring of the English House of Commons, although they have at the same time many distinctive usages of their own. The Manual of Parliamentary practice issued by Vice-President Jefferson has a sort of informal authority recognized in the two Houses, though they each of them possess the acknowledged power to make their own rules and regulations. There exists in both Houses the same prohibition of mentioning the name of any member of the House, and as in England, the mention of a name by the Speaker implies that the person thus named has been guilty of some misconduct deserving of a punishment to be decided by the House. There is no definitely recognized power of punishing a breach of privilege when committed by a non-member of the House of Congress, as there is in England, though it was decided by the Supreme Court of the States that such a power was necessary for the House in the interests of self-preservation, though it could not go beyond imprisonment, which lasts only during the sitting of the House. But each House can deal as it pleases with its own members. Every one who has been present at the debates of the American legislative bodies must have been struck by the orderly and dignified character of their proceedings, and by the self-respect and respect of others which is one of the traits of American character.

The French National Assembly has always been noted for



its tumultuous deliberations and the fire and impetuosity of its debates. It dates from 1791, and is modelled in form to no small degree on the English House of Commons, in spite of the protest of one of its first members to the undignified arrangement. "*Nous ne voulons pas des Anglais*," he said to Mirabeau, who had translated into French Bentham's *Parliamentary Procedure in England*: "*nous ne voulons imiter personne*." Certainly its proceedings have been unique, and very unlike those of the Assembly of Great Britain. It carries on its face the stamp of the revolutionary epoch, when it first came into existence. Its early sittings were simply a scene of utter confusion and even personal violence. The strangers present in the galleries freely expressed their opinions of speeches and speakers. "*À bas le scélérat de Brissot ! à bas l'homme à double face !*" were the words with which the patriots greeted one of the more moderate of the members, and the words were followed by missiles and open menace. Personal violence soon was added, and in the sitting of August 9, 1852, the following incident occurred.

M. Girardin réclama la parole pour un fait et dit, "Je déclare qu'hier, en sortant de l'assemblée nationale, dans l'enceinte même de la salle, j'ai été frappé." Un membre de l'extrême gauche l'interrompit alors, et lui demanda avec une grossière ironie. "En quel endroit ?" On veut savoir, reprit de Girardin, en quel endroit j'ai été frappé ; c'est par derrière ; les assassins ne frappent jamais autrement (p. 24).

As licence gained ground, the National Assembly became simply a political bear-garden. At last matters terminated in utter confusion, bursts of laughter, threats, and continued outcries, ending with an actual struggle. Even in recent times there have been scenes in the French Assembly which recall the troubled scenes of their past history, especially when M. de Cassagnac has occupied the tribune and assailed his opponents with fierce and fiery words.

We cannot attempt to follow M. Reynaert through his two volumes, full as they are of most valuable information, and giving evidence of long and careful research. What occurs to us as we read the rules and regulations of the various countries of the Old and New World, is the vivid picture they present—the vivid photograph, perhaps we ought to say—of the prevailing temper of the several nations which enacted them, as well as of the varying history of each. The growth of democracy, the

advance of anarchy, the gradual approach of a general spirit of unbelief, the reaction which brings back something of the state of things in the past, all show themselves plainly enough in the Parliamentary procedure of the nations of the Old and New World. Nor is it of the present alone that we can judge. The temper of a House of Representatives is representative not of the present alone, but of the future which is silently drawing near.

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3.—PAPA E RE.<sup>1</sup>

The Roman Question is the topic of Father Zocchi's volume, and in attractive language, with incontrovertible facts and close reasoning, he shows that Catholics are bound to be content with nothing short of the restoration of the Temporal Dominion which for so many centuries has been held by the Popes and which is the only sure guarantee of the free exercise of their spiritual authority. Catholics cannot, he says, be satisfied with things as they are, for the Pope declares the present state of things to be "intolerable" (p. 233). Catholics must not lend their aid to the Italian Government: "abstention" (pp. 176, 200) must be their rule; otherwise, their support of the "moderates" of to-day will only hasten the inevitable development of moderatism into revolutionism (cap. x. art. 1, 2). Their attitude must be one of *expectation* that the restoration will surely come to pass (cap. iii). The ground for this expectation he shows to be the fact that the Roman Question is not a national question, internal to the Italian Government, but a world-wide question in which every Catholic in the world and all nations of the world have an interest (capp. xiv. et. xvi. a. 6): Catholic nations cannot be content that their Spiritual Head should be a subject of any government and crippled by the power of that government. Even supposing that the principle of non-intervention were as true as it is false (being condemned by the Syllabus), the interference of Catholic nations outside of Italy would not be a case of intervention in the internal affairs of a state—they would only be vindicating their own rights and aiding one independent state against the usurpations of another. This, he says, was recognized by the Italian Government itself when the breach was made in the walls of Rome and

<sup>1</sup> *Papa e Re.* By Gaetona Zocchi, S.J. Giachetti, Prato, 1884.

guarantees were drawn up—though never recognized nor accepted by the Holy See (cap. xiii. a. 1)—intended, professedly, to preserve the independence of the Holy See. The language of the Italian Government is different now and its action proves the utter insufficiency of the law of guarantees and the necessity of restoring the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty. Father Zocchi also shows that another principle—that of “the accomplished fact”—is as little to be trusted in the Roman Question as it is known to be false, being condemned in the Syllabus (cap. ii. a. 7.)

Father Zocchi shows the relation of Freemasonry or revolutionism to the Italian Government (cap. x. a. 2); how the way is being prepared by the latter for the action of the former: how the Holy Father is in truth a prisoner (cap. v) in the Vatican, and how certainly the outrages done to Pius the Ninth in his coffin, prognosticate the treatment of Leo the Thirteenth if he should venture out into the streets of Rome: how the Holy Father has been impudently treated in the courts of justice as though he were a subject of the Italian King (cap. xv. a. 3): how there is one solution to the Italian difficulty and only one, namely, the restoration of his rights to the Holy Father (cap. xvi. a. 2): and how it is the concern of all Christendom that these rights should be restored.

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#### 4.—WERNER'S ATLAS OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS.<sup>1</sup>

Father Werner's *Atlas of Catholic Missions* is published chiefly with a view to enabling readers of the *Katholischen Missionen*, the German organ of the Propagation of the Faith, to follow intelligently the mission news and the letters from missionaries published in its pages. But at the same time it is a work which will be of service to all who are interested in mission work, and even those who do not read German will find the atlas a useful work, for the maps tell their own story, even without the short introduction which Father Werner has prefixed to them.

The introduction contains a mass of valuable historical and statistical information bearing on the principal missions.

<sup>1</sup> *Katholischer Missions-Atlas; neunzehn Karten in Farbendruck mit begleitendem Text.* Von O. Werner, S.J. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder'sche Verlags-handlung, 1884.

Among its most interesting features are the tables that show how the organization of the missions has steadily developed by the gradual subdivision of the older missionary dioceses and the foundation of new vicariates and bishoprics. It is striking to see how many of these are of very recent date, indeed nothing puts the rapid extension of the missions in our own day in a clearer light than these interesting diagrams. The body of the atlas consists of nineteen coloured maps. The first of these is a map of the world coloured on a new plan, which is a great improvement on the system usually adopted in such maps. It is quite a common thing to see maps of the world coloured in such a way as to distinguish between Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan and Pagan countries, and in such maps as a rule England and all her colonies, except perhaps Canada, are coloured as Protestant; the same colour appears all over the United States; while India and China are darkened with the tint that expresses paganism. On such maps it appears as if the Catholic Church were confined to Ireland, the Latin countries of Europe, Austria, Canada, Mexico, and South America.

Father Werner has adopted a better system. He takes a series of various colours to represent the percentage of Catholics to be found in any given country, and thus a glance at his map shows that the Catholic Church is really world-wide, even though in some countries the proportion that Catholics bear to non-Catholics is a very small one. How carefully this map has been executed is shown by the fact that varying colours show the varying proportion of Catholics to the general population in different parts of Canada and the United States.

The other maps show in detail the continents and chief countries as divided for missionary purposes, marking the places where the bishops and vicars-apostolic reside and the chief mission stations. One map is of purely historical interest—namely, that of the old missions of Paraguay; a few more such maps of the older missions would be a useful addition to the atlas. The map of Africa shows the new missions of the centre and makes one realize that, although as yet the labourers for this vast vineyard are so few, every part of Africa is now definitely assigned to some missionary body as the field of its labours, and the Catholic missionaries are at work in places of which Europe did not know the names ten years ago. We are sorry there is no map of Japan. Such a map would be of use not only for the history of the old missions, but also to help Catholics to

realize that the Church of Japan is again a living reality. It is curious how many Catholics know nothing of all the good work that has been done in Japan in the last twenty years. Indeed it seems to us that one of the best uses of an atlas like this is that it makes as it were concrete and tangible a fact that most people only think of in a very vague way—the world-wide extension of the Church, her existence amongst all races of men, and her wide-spread missions to heathen and even savage people in every clime. Catholic teachers in colleges and schools where the Association for Propagation of the Faith or that of the Holy Childhood is established among the pupils, would do well to procure these maps and explain their meaning now and then to a class. A talk about the missions with a map on the table, or with intelligent reference to the wall map, directed by the mission map laid on the desk, would be a useful lesson worth a whole week of vague talk about the Catholicity of the Church. Readers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* will also find these maps very useful, especially as many of the mission stations are in places not sufficiently important to be marked in ordinary school or popular atlases.

Father Werner's work is in great part the result of two years' study of the rich material to be found in the records of the Propaganda at Rome. The maps are therefore based on the most authentic sources. They are well printed, and we may say of nearly all, that they are models of clearness. The two maps of China might perhaps be improved, as the hill-shading is so arranged that it obscures the general effect, but all the rest are very successful in every point of view.

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#### 5.—CENTENARY STUDIES.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. De Lisle has done a good work in bringing out into prominence the communism of the Reformer of Lutterworth. The admiration of Wyclif by Protestants is a wonderful proof of their animosity to the Church of God. An unscrupulous, blasphemous communist becomes a hero in their eyes because he denounces the Pope and Popery, and calls the Roman Church the "Synagogue of Satan." All else is forgotten if

<sup>1</sup> *Centenary Studies. Wyclif begat George and Döllinger's Luther: Dedicated to the Men of Leicestershire.* By Edwin de Lisle. London: W. H. Allen and Co., 1884.

only the so-called Reformer does but raise the standard of revolt against the Vicar of Christ. His theories may be anti-social, his life stained by every vice, but all his little foibles are overlooked if only he denounces the authority of Peter's Chair.

"Wyclif begat George" is a title which is a little perplexing. We began to think of the House of Hanover, and wonder whether they were referred to, and it was only on reading Mr. De Lisle's book that we discovered that "George" is "Mr. Henry George," the American land-reformer. We are not certain whether the connection between the two is quite as close as Mr. De Lisle would have us believe. It is true they had a great deal in common, but Mr. George, however mistaken the theory of land ownership he advocates, or however mischievous would be the social revolution he wishes to bring about, yet encounters a real grievance in the accumulation of land in the hands of a few. The evil to which he opposes himself is the offspring of the very Reformation of which Wyclif is denominated the morning star. Mr. George's proposals are an attempt to undo, by violent means, one of the abuses which were the fruit of the spirit of revolt which animated alike Wyclif and Luther, and Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. If "Wyclif begat George," it is only true in the sense that the latter was a sort of very collateral descendant of the Reformer of Lutterworth. Wyclif hated property because it was a support and accompaniment of the authority he detested. Mr. George hates accumulated property because it seems to him to be responsible for the misery which all good men desire to remedy. The one regarded all *submission* as an evil, and wishes to abolish property because it was one of the means of enforcing submission. The other regards *poverty* as an evil, and wishes to break up landed estates because he fondly hopes thereby that poverty may be driven out of the land.

The second essay in Mr. De Lisle's book consists of a sketch of Luther's life and character, as drawn by one whose testimony ought to be valued by Protestants. Dr. Döllinger is not likely to have been over severe in the picture of one in whose steps he has himself subsequently trodden. Yet history tells with so unfaltering a voice the tale of Luther's iniquities that the professor of Munich is compelled to paint his predecessor in colours the very reverse of attractive. Mr. De Lisle, with great moderation, and a full appreciation of what was good in the character of Luther, introduces the English reader to the



portrait Dr. Döllinger has drawn. We think that sometimes Mr. De Lisle is—not too moderate, for this is impossible—but a little wanting in that thoroughly Catholic spirit which its enemies call Ultramontane. The “joyless life of the cloister” (p. 62) is a strange phrase in a Catholic book, and is, moreover, contrary to fact. The denunciation of a persecuting policy, which Mr. De Lisle traces to a “confusion between the natural and supernatural order,” and the approval of “the struggle for liberty of thought,” have a flavour of Liberalism which we regret, especially in a book which is intended for Protestant reading. The proof of the dangers of the intolerant spirit from the Divine warning: “Suffer both (the wheat and the tares [*sic*]) to grow until the harvest . . . for he that useth the sword shall perish by the sword” (p. 32), just as if the two halves of the quotation were part of the same passage, is a strange use of Holy Scripture. Nor can we altogether assent to the hope expressed in the following passage:

Bearing in mind the wonderful revival of Catholic doctrine, ritual, and feeling, which the last half of this century has witnessed within the pale of the Established Church, I am constrained to sympathize deeply, and join in the communion of hope, with those who, under the noble motto, “*Beati pacifici*,” look forward to and work heart and soul for the day of the re-engrafting of the Church of England into the parent stock of the Mother and Head of all the Churches (p. 89).

This ignores the essential Protestantism of the Anglican Establishment, which renders every sort of corporate union absolutely impossible. Charity longs for the admission of the members of the Church of England as individuals, but repudiates utterly the admission into her fold of the body to which they belong.

But if we point out these blemishes, it is not that we do not appreciate the value of *Centenary Studies*. It is full of useful information, and the attractive easy style will recommend it to every reader.

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6.—MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.<sup>1</sup>

If the pen of the biographer were to confine itself to recording the career of men and women of genius, the number of memoirs written would be comparatively small. The vast

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs and Letters of Jenny C. White Del Bal.* Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1885.



majority of those whose lives are recorded are individuals of no very extraordinary talents in the natural order. Happily there are other claims to the grateful remembrance of manhood. There are many whom the beauty of their private character and hidden virtues raise above their fellows, and entitle to a place in the page of history. Such persons not unfrequently afford an example of simple piety, unselfish devotion to others, and cheerful fulfilment of the duties of their state, which is far more attractive than any amount of genius or intellectual capacity. The subject of the memoir before us was one of these instances of unpretending virtue; from her earliest infancy she was a favourite with young and old, idolized in the family circle, beloved by friends, worshipped by her dependants; and, far from being elated by the universal popularity she enjoyed, she made use of her gifts solely to promote the glory of God and the welfare of her fellow-creatures.

Jenny Del Bal was the eldest daughter of Judge White, a distinguished lawyer of New York. She was early taught lessons of obedience, generosity, and self-denial, and the most striking trait in her character was one rarely found in a child, a self-sacrificing disposition, forgetfulness of self in her desire to do her duty and please others. She pursued her studies—in which she attained great proficiency—under the tuition of her excellent and accomplished mother, whose constant companion she was. The motherly care she exercised over her brothers and sisters, her juniors by but a few years, was amusing to witness. "Mamma," she would say, "*our* children must do so and so!" In the strict observance of their religious duties Jenny was a watchful and almost unmerciful mentor and guide, and many a time would one less zealous than herself rebel at the length of time they were kept, whilst "Jenny prayed for everybody, the whole human family!"

But Jenny's zeal in religious matters did not make her the less earnest in everything that belonged to the lawful pleasures of social life. She entered with all her heart into every kind of mirthful enjoyment, giving life and animation to every circle by her very presence wherever she went. Her goodness, her loveliness, her graces of mind and body won the admiration of all. When about twenty-five years of age, Jenny formed a strong attachment to a young Spanish gentleman, who owned large estates in Santiago, New Granada, but it was long before her father, though he fully approved of the match, would consent

to allow his darling child to be removed from her family. For a time the engagement was broken off, a time which was one of severe trial to poor Jenny, during which some of the finest points in her character were brought out. When at last, through her mother's intercession, the marriage was allowed to take place, the revolution which broke out just at that time in Santiago, bringing with it death, desolation, and gloom upon the little town, made it unsafe for Mr. Del Bal to take his bride to her new home. For another year they remained at New York, and during this period the birth of a son gladdened the hearts of all, but before many days were past, death came, and snatched from the mother's bosom her beautiful boy. The resignation with which the bereaved young parents gave up their child to God edified every one who saw it. It was with inexpressible sadness of heart that they tore themselves away from the cherished home circle, when the time of departure arrived.

The story of Jenny's early life is related by her mother, but the substance of the book consists of the letters she wrote to her relatives during the four years she spent at Santiago. The parting cost her the keenest anguish, and her letters testify that at times the feeling of homesickness was almost unbearable. "I feel being separated from you all," she writes, "as if it were the first days after I left home. I never get used to it." Yet on her introduction to her new relatives—who welcomed her with a truly Spanish warmth of hospitality—she strove hard to betray no sign of sorrow or depression. She writes :

My heart has been too severely tried to allow me much enjoyment, or to allow me to enter with spirit into these gaieties. I tried, for many reasons, to be as gay as possible ; and I think I have left the impression that I am very lively. Poor Bernardino (her husband) seemed so happy to see me gay, that I would not let him know I did not feel as I seemed (p. 98).

Her letters contain amusing and interesting accounts of the manners and customs of the country, with its different classes of inhabitants, besides descriptions of her own house and home life, intended only for the eye of her nearest relatives. Housekeeping, of course, was attended with difficulties, and the management of the servants required no small amount of patience and tact. Of one she says :

Panchita, my little Indian girl, certainly shows that in all classes some are born refined. When she was brought to me, the only article of wearing apparel she owned was a pair of beads. Julianna's husband

gave her an old shirt to come to town in. From the first she liked everything of the best. She had only been here a short time when she asked for cologne to put into the water to wash her hands, and pomatum for her hair. She is exceedingly neat, and in all her ideas refined (p. 267).

Mrs. Del Bal had no sooner arrived at Santiago when all felt how great an acquisition she was to society. She won the sympathies, the respect, the admiration of all classes; her house was the most attractive of any in the town; her music—for which she had great talent—was a source of much delight, her conversation charmed, her winning manners made an irresistible impression from the very first.

The religious state of the country was a source of great sorrow to her. The churches were closed, the schools dissolved, society disorganized, and severe laws were enacted against those priests who should attempt to officiate without having taken the oath of allegiance to the Government, involving an acknowledgment of its supremacy in religious matters. Mrs. Del Bal displayed great activity and zeal in working a social change; she assembled the faithful for Mass said in secret, opened schools, formed religious societies which laboured for the revival of religion, visited the sick and dying, and relieved the poor. And when, after a year, the law was repealed by Act of Congress, an event hailed with solemn rejoicing and festivities, all acknowledged how much was due to her for the preservation of the faith during the dark hours when the Presence of God in the Blessed Sacrament was withdrawn from the people.

My life here [she writes] is a most active one, and yet I accomplish so little, compared to what remains undone, that it seems discouraging. Even had I the zeal to do so, it is impossible for me to devote all my time to spiritual works of mercy, for I have my duties to my husband and family, which I cannot but consider of primary obligation. I must also comply with my duties to society, or I shall lose the influence I have. . . . I am most amusingly popular, but my popularity makes me tremble. Our trials are so great in many ways, that they prevent me from enjoying in any vanity of spirit the praise with which these people overwhelm me. When the heart is tried, the vanities of the world affect it less. But I know how subtle is the enemy of our salvation, and I depend on your prayers to give me purity of intention in the little I do (pp. 257, 259).

And when, after four years passed in her adopted home, Jenny Del Bal, shortly after the birth of a second daughter,

fell a victim to the yellow fever, which terminated her life within the short space of four hours, the outburst of grief was indescribable. Business was suspended, the stores were closed, and the whole city hung in mourning, as for a public calamity. It is rarely that we read of a woman's life so short, yet so full of earnest effort and performance. From this brief account the reader will gather that none can peruse this excellent and interesting memoir without sincere admiration for the virtues and courage Mrs. Del Bal displayed, and let us hope that the admiration they excite will not prove a sterile one.

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*Literary Record.*

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I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The third volume of the works of the learned and eloquent Bishop of Autun<sup>1</sup> is made up of a series of pastorals, letters, and discourses, spoken and written during the years 1880—82. The period includes the troubled time of the expulsion of the religious orders from France, and many of the documents here collected will have a permanent interest in connection with the history of that event. Irish readers will turn with interest to the pastoral letter of February 11, 1880, in which Mgr. Perraud called upon the people and clergy of his diocese to send generous help to the famine-stricken districts of Ireland. Mgr. Perraud's sympathy with Ireland dates from his student-years. His first important work was an essay upon Irish history, presented as the *thèse* for the *doctorat-ès-lettres*, and later on expanded into a regular history of Ireland in two volumes. During the distress of 1860, he visited Ireland officially as a delegate of one of the French committees which was supplying help to the afflicted districts. In his pastoral he gives some of his impressions of Ireland during this visit.

St. Dimas (or Dismas),<sup>2</sup> the Good Thief, is sometimes quoted as one of the most miraculous instances of God's forgiving mercy. His sudden conversion, and exemption from temporal,

<sup>1</sup> *Œuvres pastorales et oratoires* de Mgr. Perraud, Evêque d'Autun, Membre de l'Académie Française. Tome iii. Oudin, Paris, 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *Story of St. Dimas, the "Good Thief."* By a Catholic Priest. Thomas Richardson and Son, London and Derby.

punishment after death, were indeed a wonderful example of the goodness of God, but it is quite a mistake to regard him as necessarily one utterly degraded and sunk in sin. He was simply one of the bandit tribe who hovered around the confines of Palestine, like many a modern Bedouin, and exacted "black mail," or something more, from travellers. St. Augustine tells us that Dimas had never known Christ before the day of his execution, and remarks that if he had known him, perhaps he would not have been last among the Apostles. Canon M'Kenna has compiled, in a little pamphlet, the traditions respecting him, and gives an account of the chief places where he is honoured. In Canon M'Kenna's church at Matlock, a chapel is being erected to St. Dimas. The account of him is intended to further the good work. We notice one little oversight. The vision of our Lord's glorified Humanity is not distinguished from the Beatific vision of God (p. 17).

*The Catholic Child's Treasury*<sup>3</sup> is a collection of between thirty and forty pious stories arranged under various heads. They are beautiful little stories, excellently chosen from reliable sources, are well told, and suited alike to old and young. The book will be a favourite with any Catholic child who gets hold of it, and is well adapted for reading out loud to children's guilds and confraternities, or to the little ones assembled around the domestic hearth.

*Little Snow White* is a story of the doings of certain little maidens and their elders who lived in a small town on the Rhine, and especially of a little maiden named Elsa, who travelled into the Land of Wisdom in search of the Key of Knowledge, and of another little maiden who is the heroine of the story, and whose romantic story we will leave our readers to peruse for themselves.<sup>4</sup> *Little Snow White* is a simple narrative prettily told. One hint we would give the writer. It is a mistake to intersperse a story in English with German words when the English equivalent would be just as telling and more intelligible. For instance, take the following:

"*Entschuldigen*, my lady," Gabrielle answers, "but Granny Greta is very ill. She is in bed, and her head is aching *fürcht-bar*. She would be very grateful if you could give her a note to the good *Schwester* at the *Spital* for medicine to cure the pain" (p. 93).

<sup>3</sup> *The Catholic Child's Treasury*. Second Series. By Rev. D. Chisholm, Aberdeen. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>4</sup> *Little Snow White*. A Story of the Rheinlands. By Frances Kershaw. London: Burns and Oates.

Ellis' *Irish Educational Directory*<sup>5</sup> is one of the most complete books of the kind that we have ever seen. It not only gives all possible information respecting Education in Ireland, but contains an account of the English and Indian Civil Service. Any one who desires to understand the working of the Royal University of Ireland, the Catholic University College, Trinity, and the various Queen's Colleges, as well as all the details of the Intermediate Examinations, cannot do better than study them in the Directory which Mr. Ellis has so carefully put together. In the present issue there is also incorporated the whole scheme of Primary Education now in force, with all its rules and regulations.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The March number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* opens with a sketch of the essential features of Herbert Spencer's moral system, from the able pen of Father Cathrein. It is shown to be a system of the grossest materialism, in which the opposing elements of egoism and altruism are to meet in perfect union and happy harmony. This brief synopsis will be welcome to many as giving a good idea of the miserable counterfeit of philosophy offered to mankind by the apostles of evolution. Father Meschler contributes a short exhortation suitable for Lent, urging upon Catholics the necessity of leading a life in conformity with their faith, as this alone will give them influence over unbelievers, strengthen the cause of the Church, and enable them to make a firm stand against the enemies of religion. The biographical notice of Molière treats of the events immediately succeeding the performance of *Le Misanthrope*, and of his relations to Boileau, La Fontaine, Racine, and the leading Jesuits of the day. Father Baumgartner concludes the account of his excursion to Mount Hecla. The return journey is somewhat uneventful, but is enlivened by the description of a pastor's homestead, where the party were hospitably entertained by the "priest," an ordinary peasant-proprietor, who on Sundays officiated in church, and of the house of a medical man, whose civilized *entourage* formed a singular oasis in those barren and almost savage regions.

<sup>5</sup> Ellis' *Irish Education Directory and Scholastic Guide for 1885*. Dublin: E. Ponsonby, 116, Grafton Street.



The *Katholik* devotes a considerable portion of space to the examination of the teleological as opposed to the mechanical system of the universe. The arguments, both direct and indirect, in favour of the former are clearly and succinctly stated; the writer shows that the theory of mere chance and the survival of the fittest accounting for the purpose traceable in the laws governing the universe amounts to an absurdity and involves contradictions. The writings of Mgr. de Segur, translated as they are into all European languages, have been and still are a source of spiritual profit to many. His devoted and holy life is no less edifying than his writings, though less well known; the publication of his memoir by his brother, suggests a biographical notice of much interest in the *Katholik*. The same number also contains a short notice of the late Bishop of Limburg, whose recent loss is much felt in his diocese, where his personal virtues and official activity during a period of forty-two years effected much good. This exemplary prelate was one of those condemned by the Government to an incarceration of seven years' duration, and it was only twelve months previous to his death that the Bishop's restoration to Limburg had been hailed with joyous festivities.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (832, 833) enters upon the subject of spiritualism in connection with the exposure recently made by the Archduke John of Austria, of the imposture practised by a so-called medium. Through the discovery of this fraud the Archduke concludes that all the manifestations of spiritualism are trickery and delusions. This opinion the *Civiltà* thinks well to correct, as much harm might ensue if all the phenomena connected with spiritualism were to be classed with conjurer's feats. Multitudes of facts contrary to all the known laws of nature, ascribable only to preternatural agency, have in all times and all places been substantiated by the indisputable witness of theologians and men of science, not to speak of the facts of more modern spiritualism, which, when genuine, can only be explained on the hypothesis of diabolical intervention. The anti-Semitic articles are continued, the topics treated of in the numbers under our notice being the inveterate hatred and invariable hostility which have always prevailed between the Hebrew race and all other nations; and the nature of the teaching of the Talmud, which, although not without an intermixture of good, is pronounced to be on the whole decidedly bad.







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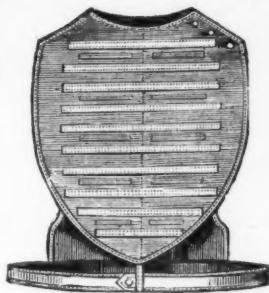
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